

# *The* ART *of* KISSING



50c

ILLUSTRATED









# *How to Win Kisses and Influence Your Lover*

By MADAME ROSE LA FLECHE

Priceless Information Gathered From Women of All  
Lands and Their Paramours





**A** KISS is the oldest and most widely practiced symbol of making love. Ever since the days of Adam and Eve, people have been kissing, kissing, kissing and coming back for more. People just seem never to get enough of kissing.

First, let us discuss the reason why people kiss. Some scientists claim that there are certain glands which, being very sensitive at the lips, cause the blood to run faster when touched, thus producing pleasing results, or what is commonly known as a THRILL. As far as we can determine, this is about all the information anyone has been able to gather as to why people kiss. We don't know or care very much about where these so-called glands are located, or what part they play. The fact remains, KISSES ARE PLEASANT and people like to kiss.

### Kisses of Different Meanings

A kiss can convey many different messages and meanings, dependent upon the relation between the two people who are kissing. There is the tender kiss the loving Mother bestows upon her baby, the kiss of two friends in greeting or parting, and many others, but the most important of all is the kiss between two people who are in love. Two people with red, hot blood surging in their veins. A couple really alive with passion, with the desire to LIVE, Love and get everything possible from life. It

is this type of kiss that we will discuss in this book.

As the title of this suggests, we are going to follow through with the author's idea as to HOW TO WIN KISSES. Please remember, the writer is only a human being and these methods set forth here are not guaranteed to be the best or otherwise in every case. It is the writer's personal opinions that are put into this book, therefore, one should use his own judgment in following them and vary from time to time if deemed necessary.

### Working Up to the First Kiss

It is only human nature that when a man meets a woman and they become attracted to each other, there arises a natural desire to hold her in his arms, press her lips close to his own in a blissful kiss. This same desire is also experienced by the girl, but our social rules are made in such a manner that it usually remains for the man to make the advances. Therefore, it is up to him to know his way around when he meets this girl, or else perhaps lose much of life's rich pleasure.

Always remember, no matter what the girl may say or how cold she may act, if she is a normal person, she has that desire just as great as you do. She also longs for you to take her in your arms and kiss her lips. She wants you to hold her so tight you almost take her breath away and kiss her over and over again. So don't be



a chump and wait for her to ask you to kiss her.

If you wait for her invitation, you may never kiss her. She may get tired waiting for you to get started and move to greener pastures, or to a fellow who knows how to win kisses and leave you wondering why you couldn't make her. Just because you know she wants to be kissed is no reason to suddenly grab her as you would a run-away pig, pull her suddenly to you and take her by surprise. If you do this, you are likely to get your face slapped. You must work gradually, work up to the blissful climax. A girl likes to feel that she is not "giving in," without a struggle. You must beg and persuade her.

But DON'T DO IT WITH WORDS. NEVER come out point blank and ask a girl to kiss you. It's too easy for her to say "NO," even though a girl's "NO" usually means "YES." But even if you did ask to kiss her and she consented, mere words take all the romance and glamour from an otherwise blissful moment. Therefore, discussing a kiss, making it somewhat "cut and dried" possibly wouldn't carry that certain satisfaction and enjoyment sought by all men and women.

Therefore, beg her, but not with words, beg her with your eyes. Look at her with the flame of love in your eyes, like she is the only girl in the entire world. Even though you may thinking about a

certain blonde, don't let her know it, make her think there isn't another girl in the world. Women like to be flattered. They like to hear you tell them they are beautiful. Tell her over and over again how beautiful she is, even though she may know her face would stop a clock. She'll love it.

Look into her eyes, tell her that her eyes are like beautiful pools filled with diamonds, tell her that her teeth are like pearls and her lips are like a budding rose. Tell her ANYTHING as long as it is something you know she wants to hear. Tell her you have known hundreds of girls and she is the one and only girl who has ever made your heart skip at a mere glance from her.

Above everything else, KEEP TALKING. Don't talk loud, talk almost in a whisper, just loud enough so that she will need to listen closely to her every word. DON'T WORRY, SHE'LL LISTEN. And while you're talking and she's listening, you keep busy working up to that kiss.

As you talk, take her hand in yours, gently pat and caress it, now and then squeeze it gently. She'll like this and as she listens to the sweet nothings you are whispering, gently lift the back of her hand to your lips and kiss it lightly. Remember, kiss it ever so lightly. Don't forget, when this is done, don't give her a chance to say anything.



**KEEP TALKING!** When you have kissed the back of her hand, slowly and gently, place your arm around her shoulder and again lift her hand, but this time kiss her fingers, kiss them, oh so lightly, one at a time and as you do this, work your arm securely around her.

Now, you are progressing swiftly, even though your lover may not realize it. Many times she may realize it and not care. Even if she wanted to resist, just a little, it would be difficult for her to resist your tender advance.

**KEEP TALKING**—keep telling her how beautiful she is. It makes no difference if you repeat, tell her the same things over and over again. She'll love them more and more each time you say them. Then, edge a little closer to her. Lean over and put your lips close to her ear. You're still talking now, but in a very soft whisper.

Say beautiful things to her whisper them softly into her shell-like ear and as you do this, breathe upon her throat. Most girls respond to hot breath on the throat and neck. If she tends to draw away, think nothing of it, she doesn't really want to draw away. Edge closer, whisper softly and breathe harder.

Now, let your lips travel down to her chin and gently brush her throat, just under the chin, gradually coming up to her chin again. **The time** has now come to stop talking and **ACT**. As you brush

your lips over her neck and chin, suddenly lift your head, look directly into her eyes, tighten your arm around her, slowly lower your lips to hers and **KISS HER. KISS HER GENTLY!**

Don't hold the position but an instant, then release her and begin to whisper into her ear again, this time breathing hard on her ear and neck. Then work back to her lips again, but when you kiss her this time, press your lips tightly on her's and hold it.

### Styles of Kisses

Now that you have kissed her, you'll want to kiss her and kiss her over and over. **PUT VARIETY INTO YOUR KISSES.** Many things that give us a thrill for a while, soon cease to be a novelty. So, if you want to hold your lover, now that you've won her, you must keep her constantly interested. This can be done by kissing her with variety. There are many different kinds of kisses, the most important and thrilling of which we will now discuss.

### The Open Kiss

The open kiss is the most common of all, except possibly the type you would naturally use when kissing a girl for the first time. That kiss would naturally be the mere pressing of your tight lips against hers. But, the **OPEN KISS** should follow immediately. In fact, if your lover gives you no trouble,



as you work up to that first kiss, you may safely use the OPEN KISS to good advantage as it is more thrilling and satisfying.

To perform the open kiss, simply press your lips gently upon your lover's and then open your lips slightly. She in turn, will open her own. They are not to be opened wide, just the least bit. I assure you, the result will be most pleasing.

### The Brush Kiss

When you kiss her as suggested above, there are many other methods which will suggest themselves, one of which is the BRUSH KISS. This is performed by kissing as before, but when you open the lips, gently push the tip of your tongue between her lips and brush the surface of her teeth. She'll enjoy this and it will suggest to her that she do likewise.

### The French Kiss

THE FRENCH KISS is one I dare say will give you the biggest thrill of all. If you really want to hold and influence your lover, use the FRENCH KISS often in your love making. Any girl who is half alive will respond to this kiss.

The kiss is performed in the beginning just like the one we have named the BRUSH KISS. First, you press your lover's lips to your own and, as you both part your lips, gently push your tongue be-

tween her lips. Move it from side to side slowly, probing it deeper into her mouth. Then, slowly, very slowly, with a slight suction, pull upon her tongue and this will suggest that she return your FRENCH KISS by doing likewise with her tongue.

As you proceed with this kiss, many other variations will suggest themselves and can easily be brought into practice. This kiss is enjoyed by lovers all over the world and is without a doubt the most thrilling of them all, as there are so many different ways it can be enjoyed.

### The Pain Thriller

To say that any type of pain is enjoyable sounds absurd, doesn't it? I, too, thought it absurd until I learned facts about certain types of people who respond to pain in a surprising way. For example, there are certain people of both sexes, from all walks of life, who actually enjoy pain. These people are no doubt slightly abnormal in this respect.

However, some men of science say that all human beings are sometimes inclined to slip into these abnormal desires, even though they are very remote. They prove these points by telling us that this is the reason we deliberately force ourselves to take a cold shower, when to do so is an experience akin to torture. There are many other examples we could



mention, but as they are not so important, we'll move to the subject on hand.

Even though we people who call ourselves normal, can't seem to find a reason for it, there are people who enjoy pain. Some people love to be beaten, burned or whipped. "Ridiculous" you say? Nevertheless, it is true. These people who enjoy being beaten, whipped or tortured in various ways are called masochists. It is usually the case that they desire to take the whipping from someone of the opposite sex.

Not so long ago we heard of a case where a young wife went to an attorney to secure a divorce and told her husband, apparently normal in every other way, would force her to beat him until she was fatigued. Then, there are other people who are abnormal in just the opposite way. They are the people who like to whip or torture someone else. These people are called sadists.

If we all do have a slight bit of this desire in our systems, then we can possibly understand why the PAIN THRILLER kiss is a very pleasant experience. At any rate, I'll tell you how it is done and when you have tried it with your lover, you can judge for yourself whether or not it is enjoyable.

When you have pressed her lips close to your own, gently suck her lower lip into your mouth and bite it. I don't mean bite a piece out

of her lip, of course not. Just the least little love nip is enough. In the same way, you can bite her upper lip, her tongue, the lobe of her ear, etc. She, in turn, will enjoy it to the extent that she will return these gestures and you should experience much thrilling pleasure from the PAIN THRILLER.

### The Suction Kiss

The suction kiss is one that will surprise your lover and at the same time give her a thrill that should make her come back for more. When your lips are together and both your lips and those of your lover's are parted, thrust your tongue between her teeth so as to force open her mouth.

When you have done this, form a vacuum with your mouth. Be sure that your mouth covers hers completely so that no air can escape. Then DRAW, create a suction. I need not tell you any more about this kiss. You'll enjoy it and it will give your lover a genuine thrill she'll long remember.

### How to Handle Girls of Different Types

Regardless of the girl, she can always be classed under one of the three following classifications. She is either BLONDE, BRUNETTE or REDHEAD. I don't mean girls with their hair dyed black or brunette, with bleached hair or "henna" redhead. I am talking



about their **NATURAL** classification. You can always tell by their features, such as the color of their eyes, their type of skin, etc.

### The Blonde

If your girl is a blonde, she will require more effort as many blondes are inclined to be just a little cold or slow in responding to love making. This does not go for all blondes, of course.

### The Brunette

Most brunettes are easier to handle than blondes. Many people class the average brunette as the "clinging vine" type, therefore, if this is true, you may expect your brunette lover to give you just enough help to make your love making interesting.

### The Redhead

It is commonly believed by most people that the redhead is the most passionate and lovable of all women. This is not untrue. However, one thing you will discover, you **MUST** keep her interested. **REDHEADS** require more loving and more attention than the other types, so don't go to sleep on the job or she'll drift to warmer arms. Learn your love making well and always have a few aces up your sleeve in the way of new kisses to keep her thrilled.

**NOTE:** The above classifications are not to be taken too literally as there are exceptions to all

rules. There are, too, girls who will respond to the love making of one man more freely than to another. For this reason, the above analysis may and **WILL** vary in different cases.

### Summary

In this little article, I have tried to give you my best personal opinions on **HOW TO WIN KISSES AND INFLUENCE YOUR LOVER**. It is common knowledge that **ALL THE WORLD LOVES A LOVER**, therefore, it is up to **YOU** and **YOU** to go out among the girls and be a **REAL LOVER**. Life is full of love, thrills and pleasures if you only know how to go out and get your share.

Some people carry so-called "**GOOD LUCK**" charms in their pockets for their supposed drawing power, in the hope and belief they will help **DRAW THEIR LOVERS CLOSE TO THEM**. The author makes no contentions one way or the other on this subject. Everyone has a perfect right to his own opinion.

The writer's advice to everyone seeking love and romance is this: Learn how to make love! **KNOW YOUR KISSES!** The best way to make an expert lover is by constant practice. Therefore, **GO ON OUT AND MAKE LOVE**. Select your girl, then sweep her off her feet with your thrilling kisses.

In spite of the fact that some medical men contend that thousands of germs are exchanged in



one kiss—the world keeps kissing. People seem to thrive on kisses. Be that as it may—KEEP ON KISSING—who cares about a few thousand germs when they can enjoy the thrills, the ecstasy of the lovable, the passionate kiss.

*The First Kiss.*—The desire of a man to kiss a girl, and of a girl to be kissed by a man, and to kiss him in return, assumes a heightened form when adolescence is reached by each. Kissing, from the standpoint of its biological function, is a prelude to the ultimate love mating. From the standpoint of inexperienced kissers. It is a temporary substitute for the love hunger,—a substitute which may be all that the man or girl demands for weeks or months or years. From the standpoint of experienced kissers, it is a prelude to the mating; and, where the kissers have not previously mated, is a sort of preliminary test, to see if thy are suited.

The immediate object of kissing is mutual pleasure. If you who read this, whether man or woman, ask me whom you are to kiss, I can only answer that you alone can give the answer. No general rules can be laid down. Many men prefer a girl shorter than themselves: yet the ideal mating might conceivably mean equal height, and there are men who prefer a girl taller. As to whether you wish the girl younger or older than yourself, that too depends upon your inclination at the moment.

As a rule, the young man often desires an older woman, who is more experienced, and—and, in brief, comes closer to his ideal woman, based largely upon his mother. As the man grows older in proportion as his head remains hollow he desires a younger and younger girl. This is partly be-

cause he finds an experienced woman superior to himself: and the average "lordly" male, in all sadness I must confess, prefers an inferior woman to one the man's equal or superior. The choice of age for youth has another meaning as well: the older person consciously or not, wants to restore his own lost youth in the kisses and caresses of a younger person.

This, from the standpoint of the other person is admirable. Some dark men prefer blonde girls, some prefer girls of their own coloring; and in every case generalities cannot be stated with certainty. If you want to kiss a girl or woman, set about doing it, or, at least, finding out if it will be well received.

The immediate object of kissing, mutual pleasure, as distinguished from the ultimate object, the love embrace, requires that both man and girl be willing. There is no pleasure, except in a man slightly perverted, in kissing a girl entirely against her will. So the man's first task is to find out whether the girl wishes, or is ready, for him to kiss her. How can he find out? The one safe rule is, not by asking directly. The girl rightly assumes that the man who asks for a kiss lacks the experience that will make the act worthwhile to her. The indirect methods vary enormously.

It's all right to talk about kissing, and get the girl to agree that a kiss isn't any harm, when people *really* like each other. She will see through the subterfuge, of course, but, unless she despises its obviousness too much, she will not resent it. Another way is to progress by tentative caresses—touching her hand as if by accident, holding it, sitting closer and closer to her, kissing (as if shyly) her shoulder, and the like.





If the man's caresses is clearly distasteful to the girl, the world is tremendously full of other girls. One or more of the others will bring you more happiness in love, be sure of that. Give the unpleased miss up as a bad job, and move on.

But a pretended resistance is another thing. There are many girls who say "No"! to every approach, and yet thereby intend to invite further and further pursuit on the man's part. How can you tell the real from the sham? Rather than miss a good kiss, if there is any doubt in your mind, proceed on the assumption that the girl really wants a kiss. The very feminine girl frequently pretends this resistance: perhaps to entice you on, perhaps because she has been taught that such things are wrong, and does not yet know that they are right; and perhaps because her temperament requires her to be forced every step of the way.

If you can stand the shouldering of the temporary responsibility, in other words, if you enjoy the chase of the victim who pretends unwillingness, stick to her until you have kissed her thoroughly. Surprisingly enough, the girl who seems very masculine often has the same trait. Her pretended masculinity may be a sham; and she may long all the time for your kisses and caresses. The only way to find out is to go ahead: never believe the spoken word in such cases, and believe her actions of rejection only when repeated the Biblical seventy times seven times.

Let us assume that the man has ascertained that the girl is willing to be kissed. If she is to keep up her pretense of opposition, any legitimate surprise kiss is permissible. For my own part, I prefer to leave the protesters to others; the world has enough girls who do not fake this opposition. There is no reason why the pro-



testers should not be left kissless, except for men who enjoy overcoming a struggling faked opposition.

For the girl who is willing to be kissed, the technique of the first kiss requires unusual care and artistry. Don't hurry as if you had a train to catch. Don't stumble over yourself, and find yourself kissing her ear or hair instead of her mouth—which she will regret as much as you. Take it slowly, in somewhat the following fashion:

If the girl is really being kissed for the first time, or is unused to kissing from men, or shams feeble resistance, it is well to hold her so that she cannot avoid the meeting of lips, when it is finally offered. If you and she are standing, either press her body firmly against your own, or hold one arm so that it can catch and hold her at a moment's indication of squirming away on her part.

This with one arm: have the other placed around her shoulder, at the back of her head, so that, if need arises, it can grasp her head and hold it in place for the bestowal of the kiss. If you are seated, the same rule applies for the two arms; unless you are so sure of your ground that you can place the two hands respectfully on her two cheeks, thereby tilting her face to the proper angle. Then without hurrying, bring your lips up till they meet hers. Keep your lips closed: make the kiss chaste, respectful, and not too long. Its purpose, in other words, is not to frighten the timid un-kissed darling.

Even if you are bored with these slow preliminaries, remember what is in store for you, and let your face register intense pleasure. Let your expression say, either

that this is the first kiss you have ever had, and that you already feel transported to Paradise; or that, if you ever kissed before, you have forgotten everything in the universe except this particular girl and her particular kiss. Actually act, at the moment that the kiss is completed, as if that is all you expected from the girl. For the moment that is what she will actually feel. Quickly enough, she will feel differently.

Only in the rarest cases is it wise to stop with one kiss. Better let both of you miss a trip to Europe, than stop at this point. Normally, you will still continue to let your arms and hands touch her as intimately as possible. A reassuring pressure of your fingers upon her arms, a head bowed, and in cases, a murmured "I'm sorry, darling! I didn't really mean to —" . . . anything to restore her confidence in you, all these come in handy. Then artistically begin to lose control of yourself. Her cheeks next—they must be kissed—oh, so respectfully! A little kiss-nibble at the corner of her mouth tastes inexpressibly sweet, and continues to restore her confidence in you. It lulls her suspicions, and makes her think that all you wished was the one small kiss.

An important next step comes in well here, and may indeed be used as a prelude, in cases where the girl seems absolutely unwilling. Gently bend down her head, and kiss her on the eyelids. If this is the beginning of the whole matter, you may even explain reassuringly what you are about to do. While you are feasting on this kiss, by accident, as it were, you can so tilt her face that the lips are yours. Stray to the ears, for a kiss and a little nip; and then come down to the neck. This is a warm comfy kiss, and, if the girl wears



a dress even moderately low-cut, is especially thrilling to her.

Now, for the first time, you can begin to put some soul, some unconstraint, in the caress. Holding her body tightly to yours, kiss her passionately on the neck. The touch is intimate and at the same time not calculated to rouse suspicion. It will rouse her insensibly. Keep this up, until you feel her body relaxing in your arms. Now is the time to return triumphantly to the lips; if she tries to get away, use a reassuring "Just one, darling! Just one tiny little one—" What you say makes no difference; the thing to do is to get there. Once you have re-arrived at the lips, you may kiss her as passionately as she is able to stand.

Kissing passionately means kissing with more than the closed lips, in general. The *Perisian perfumed Garden* recommends kissing with the whole inside of the mouth. Let your lips now surround hers, as if they were going to engulf them. The electric tingling sensation is hers as well as yours. Sooner or later, she will follow your example, and open her lips slightly. Now is the time to let your tongue speak wordlessly for you. After a long and intense kiss, accompanied by a definite hug or squeeze, you can sit back for a moment's breathing-space. Your girl is no longer un-kissed: she has reached the class of the kissed girl, the experienced girl.

*The Sophisticated Kiss.*—The kissing of an experienced girl is a different matter. Again, it is the man's task to decide, from all the evidence furnished by the girl's reception of his tentative approaches, just how experienced she is, and just how she expects to be kissed. A girl only slightly experienced

must be kissed, at the beginning, as slowly and only a bit less respectfully than the sweet un-kissed; a girl fully experienced in love will regard such tardiness as a proof that the man is, to use the elegant slang as slow as a train on the Erie. The general rule is to give as much as you are expected to give: and, if you are not too much of a blunderer, it is better to err on the side of giving too much, than too little. Women may forgive an excess of passion in the kiss: for, after all, they too unconsciously desire to be roused into passion. A woman rarely forgives the man who under-kisses her; who gives her less than she desires.

A girl's kiss is self-revealing to a man. If the lips are kept closed and the kiss is decorous, this is a warning to go comparatively slow. If the girl's lips are opened, this says that the track is clear. If the mouth is fully opened, and the girl kisses as actively as the man, it might not be a bad idea to cancel all your engagements for the next week or so, and give the girl all the kissing she wants!

With a girl who is experienced, the hug, or body embrace, is very important. This should be more determined now. The first variety is where the man's arm, around the girl's back, presses her bosom against his: and a pressure that temporarily stops the breathing of both of them, at times, is relished by both. A later technique is for the arm to fall at least as low as her waist, and thus lock the two bodies together, while the lips complete the communion. The poet describes it:

Then will people passing  
By the lit place  
See our shadows marry  
In a gray embrace.



The lip kiss now lasts longer than with the inexperienced girl, of course: and tends gradually to become what is called the soul kiss. It need only stop short of the astonishing kiss Mrs. Browning describes in *Aurora Leigh*, a kiss—

As long and silent as the ecstatic night.

We are not amphibious enough to endure such a kiss. We would have to come up to breathe from time to time. But, to those who are able, this sort of sheik buss is recommended. Toward the North Pole, where the night is six months long, the kiss described has distinct possibilities.

Yet the soul kiss, as the exclusive method, would grow wearisome. The bird peck variety of kiss, which flits tantalizingly all over the girl's face, and strays down to the neck and its environs, is a pleasant intermission between longer osculatory sessions. The three varieties of the soul kiss might be described as (1) that in which the two tongues involved perform a sort of hand wrestle with each other; (2) that in which the girl's tongue is withdrawn inward as far as possible, giving the man the maximum of territory to explore, and (3) that in which the girl does the exploring. Fancier variations of this will suggest themselves. And, of course, in all varieties of the kiss, the thrill is immediately communicated throughout the entire body.

*A Girl's Kiss.*—Although, as we have seen, the female kissed first in the shape of the maternal lick followed by the maternal kiss—in the ordinary intercourse between man and woman, the man kisses first. The reverse is true, when the girl is more experienced, and is perhaps a woman with a younger man. Then she may with propriety assume the role of the man, gently initiate the un-kissed youth, as in

our description of the initiation of the un-kissed girl; and thereafter lead him up the long path to osculatory shiekdom.

In any kissing, where the man has started first, the one wrong thing is for the girl to remain passive, unless this be merely as an intermission. She should lag, in ideal kissing, a little behind the man; but only a little behind him. As the fire of the kiss tingles throughout the veins of both, it is her cue to respond almost as ardently, and never be merely negative throughout the experience. Few men like the continuing sensation of kissing the stone image on top of a sarcophagus. Nor does the girl secure her greatest pleasure by utter passivity. "It is better to give than to receive" applies to both parties in a kissing episode.

The proper interruption for a spell of kisses given by the man to the girl is for her to reciprocate, and return the kisses. This advice is almost unnecessary, for women are disposed to return with interest the kisses given them.

Love, to man, is leaping fire,  
Dying with its fed desire.

But, in woman, it will glow  
Most, when man would have it go.

Hope no more of man than this,  
Maiden, when you take his kiss:

That his loving will be done  
When its victory is won.

Do not scold her drowsy ardor,  
Lover; she will cling the harder,

Taught that your love, even at ending,  
Lights a life for her long tending.

This is as good a place as any to say a word about the actual significance of the kiss. Pleasant as it is, its indiscriminate use is an abuse. Its proper function is as a prelude, not as a goal achieved. Men and women who play at



kissing, intended to stop there, are playing with a fire that easily becomes uncontrollable. Iwan Bloch, in *The Sexual Life of Our Time*, says that there is a quantitative difference only, and not a qualitative difference between the chaste stroking of the hair and the first timid kiss, on the one hand, and the ultimate love rapture. Someone has said that the first intentional touching of the skin of the beloved one is a mating half achieved. *The Perfumed Garden* ends its description of loving:

And the most intimate embrace  
If the rapture of the kiss is wanting.  
Leaves the heart cold and unsatisfied

Goethe describes the ultimate kiss thus:

Eagerly she sucks the flames out of his  
mouth;  
Each is conscious only of the other.

His final word is that it is a true saying that the woman who permits a man to kiss her will ultimately grant him complete possession. Indeed, a sensitive woman values her kiss as highly as the last favor. Unless a kiss be



exchanged merely as a test of mutual attraction, it is well to recall that chastity was accurately described by Lester Ward as selection, and not abstinence: and to select with great care those whom you admit to the gate of kissing, which is almost invariably with men and women of any maturity, the last locked gate upon the way to the earthly Eden.

## THE END

# GAY LIFE

A magazine for sophisticated readers. The only magazine of its kind published. Rip-Roaring Stories . . . Alluring Photos . . . Zippy Pictures. Brilliant, frisky, gay. Stories that fairly sparkle with lively situations. There's pep, punch and ginger on every page. 10 different editions, each complete in itself.

Special Each 10c;—3 for 25c,—10 for 60c

ARCADE MAIL ORDER COMPANY  
Yonge Arcade, Toronto 1, Ont.



# ONLY OUR LOVE IS BLIND

By PATRICIA W. LANGMAN



Dave Told Her That He  
Was Blind — and She  
Placed Herself in a Most  
Unusual Position.



“THERE remains,” said a solemn voice, “but one test before you can be accepted into the fraternity of Mappa Ki. You have proven that you are willing to suffer, to fight and to steal for Mappa Ki. Now you must prove that you are willing to beg. Here!”

The owner of the solemn voice handed Dave a tin cup, a pair of dark glasses and a sign which read: “I am blind.”

“Go,” commanded the voice, “put on these glasses, take the cup, stand on the corner of Main and College Streets and do not come back until you have solicited five dollars in alms for dear old Mappa Ki. This is the final test. Do not fail!”

All afternoon and evening Dave had been obeying commands, doing one fool thing after the other. It was a relief to know this was the last thing he would be required to do. But the feeling of relief was lost completely in the dismay with which he heard the order. Main and College Street was the busiest corner in the city. And he had to stand there and beg as a blind man!

In less than an hour Dave had counted four dollars that had dropped into his cup. One elderly woman asked him a lot of questions and felt so sorry for him that it was on the tip of Dave’s tongue to tell her the truth, but then he remembered that the rules of the initiation made that impossible.

Before she left, she put two wrinkled dollar bills into his cup. All women wanted to mother Dave. He was just the type.

It was almost eleven o’clock when a young and very pretty woman stopped at the corner and, after gazing uneasily all about, walked toward Dave. Opening her pocketbook, she dropped a handful of change into his cup.

“You poor man,” she comforted and Dave thrilled at the tender softness of her voice. “I’m so sorry for you.”

As Dave muttered his thanks, she continued:

“I’ll bet,” she said, “that you never get to go any place at all, do you?” And then, without giving him a chance to answer she asked:

“Would you like to go for a little ride with me? The air would do you good, and I’ll drive you home afterwards.”

“Well, you see—” Dave started to count the money in the cup and then realized that he was “blind.”

“How—how much money is in my cup?” he asked her seriously. “You see, I—I have to have five dollars before I—I go—home.”

Even from behind his dark glasses her smile was the most radiant thing he had even seen.

“Don’t worry,” she replied, “if there isn’t five dollars, I’ll make up the difference. You see, you’ll be helping me, too. I—I don’t like to ride by myself.” She took his arm and led him around the cor-



ner where a smart little topless roadster was parked.

"My name's Belle," his pretty driver said after she had settled him in the car. "You—you'll never know how glad I am that I found you. Really, you're doing me a favor."

The dash-light threw a pleasant revealing glow on her trim, silk-clad legs and as soon as they had left the city behind, her little foot went down further and further on the accelerator and the wind blew enchantingly at her silk sports dress. At first, Belle tried to keep her dress down, but finally, she turned to Dave and laughed.

"I've been running a chance of piling us up in the ditch," she laughed, "trying to keep the wind from blowing my dress up and I just happened to realize that you—you couldn't see no matter what happened."

Dave looked at her pretty knees and sighed. He watched as a particularly hard gust of wind sent her dress back over her knees again and revealed the dimples in them through the sheen of the stockings.

"Yes," Dave murmured convincingly, "it's awful to be blind."

Through the darkness he studied her face. Probably she was a student, too. There were thousands of them at the college and Dave had only been at school two weeks. But why, if she were a student, was she taking so much

interest in a blind man? He was tempted to tell her about the whole affair, but another glance at her shapely legs stopped him. If she knew he wasn't blind, she would be more careful. And Dave didn't want her to be careful. The miles slipped by.

Suddenly, without a bit of warning, a few drops of rain splattered against the windshield. Belle cast anxious eyes at the dark clouds. The car sped faster but in a few minutes they were being drenched by a fierce autumn shower. There was no top to her roadster and all they could do was to crouch low in the car and take it.

"I know a place where we can run in until this shower's over," Belle cried into his ear to make her voice heard above the howling wind and the roar of the motor. And, in just a few minutes, she turned the car into a narrow road and stopped in front of a large rambling bungalow.

Helping Dave out of the car, she hurried him up a long narrow path to the building and as he stood panting on the porch Belle took a key out from her pocket and opened the door. He heard her moving about the room and then saw the flame of her cigarette lighter with which she lighted two oil lamps.

Belle was soaked to the skin and her little silk dress clung to her body. Try as he would, Dave couldn't suppress a little gasp of pleased delight as his eyes greedily



drank in every inch of her beauty in the flickering light. Her hair shone like burnished copper and her eyes looked so star-like as they glanced here, there and everywhere around the room in search of something to make them comfortable. Oh, she was certainly a lovable sight, sighed Dave to himself.

It was all too beautiful—too wonderful—too thrilling—to be true, he told himself.

"We're both drenched to the skin," she laughed, breaking the spell and assuring him it *was* true.

"I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me while I go into another room and take off my clothes so they can dry. I'll just stay here and keep you company, though, until I get my shoes and stockings off."

And without another word, she sat down beside him and removed her shoes. Out of the corner of his eye, Dave saw her peel a wet stocking down over her knee, over the soft, smooth flesh of her calf and then, with a final jerk, over the slim pretty ankle. Hardly daring to breathe, he watched as the other stocking followed suit.

"I have to keep assuring myself," Belle laughed, "that you really can't see me. It seems awfully strange to be doing this right in front of a strange young man. The girls will appreciate this when I tell them about it."

Still talking about anything that entered her pretty head, she went into the other room and presently emerged with her wet clothes

hanging over her arm and clad in an old faded smock that she had found hanging behind a door.

"Never in my life," Dave sighed as she came back into the room, "did I want my sight as I do now. I can tell from your voice that you're beautiful—I could almost describe how you look right now."

"If you must know," she laughingly replied, "I don't look so good—I'm all wet. I'll bet I look a sight."

"Oh, no, you don't!" Dave denied emphatically—too emphatically. Belle looked at him questioningly.

"I mean," he explained, "that you *couldn't* look a 'sight'. I'm sure you are beautiful—absolutely beautiful."

And now, as he watched, she started spreading out her wet things on the back of a chair. She stopped and studied Dave sorrowfully.

"It must be awful," she said, "not to be able to see anything. Oh, I'm so sorry for you!"

Impulsively, she put her arms about him, raised his face to meet hers and then kissed his lips tenderly, and oh! so sweetly, thought Dave to himself, in the seventh heaven of ecstasy, as it was. His arm encircled her shoulder and she pressed her lips to his again, clinging to him.

When Belle finally drew her lips away, Dave was ready for the next move.

"If I can't see how beautiful



your face is," he pleaded, "can't I touch it and find out? My fingers can interpret beauty for me."

She took his hands and guided them to her face where he gently touched her lips, her eyes, her chin, the softness of her cheeks. It was too much even for a "blind" man to resist. He stood up suddenly, drew her into his arms and kissed her again.

"I—I just can't make myself believe that you're — you're blind, Dave!" Belle whispered as she snuggled closer in his arms.

"Let's — let's pretend I'm not!" Dave replied.

And this time, there was more than tender pity in Belle's lips. One lamp flickered and went out. The other—in the far corner of the big room—cast a feeble, mellow glow. Everything was so nice and quiet in the room now, it was so peaceful just to be there with that tasty bit of feminine allure in his arms.

"Dave," Belle said presently, "I have something to confess to you."

"Yes?" Dave whispered. "What?"

"Well," Belle began, "you see, I'm being initiated into the Kapa Fida sorority and they told me to

go to Main and College Streets and bring the first man I saw out here and—kiss him. This bungalow belongs to our sorority. You were the first man I saw—"

Dave's laugh interrupted her. Happily he took off the black glasses and threw them to the floor. Between laughs and more kisses, he told her about his own initiation.

"And you're really not blind at all?" Belle repeated incredulously.

"Thank goodness no!" Dave replied, feasting his eyes on her beauty without the interference of the black glasses.

"And," Dave continued, as she started to grab her now damp dress and throw it around her smock, "there's no use trying to hide now because—well—I am in love with you!"

"I think," Belle protested, "that you're mean—you're a —"

But she never finished the sentence. Dave's lips, descending savagely on hers, cut off further talk. Belle tried, at least she went through the motions of trying, to beat him away. But pretty soon she gave up and relaxed in his arms while her lips responded to his kisses.

---

### FINDERS KEEPERS

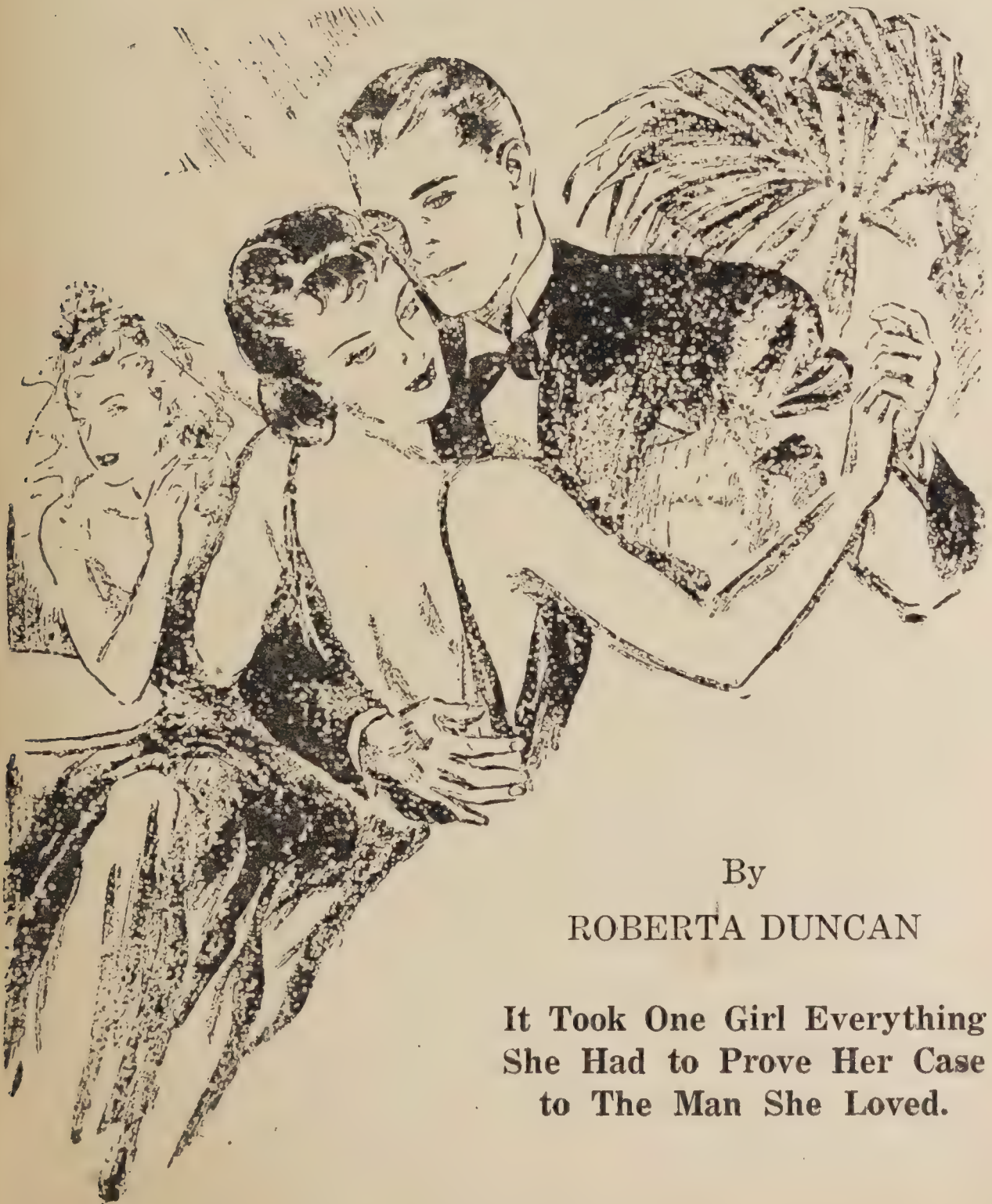
Lotta: "My new boy friend kissed me last night."

Gotta: "Did you show him his place?"

Lotta: "Oh, no! He found it himself."



# *TWO HEARTS IN EMBRACE*



By  
ROBERTA DUNCAN

**It Took One Girl Everything  
She Had to Prove Her Case  
to The Man She Loved.**



“AN advertising campaign for Saxon’s Soap?” scoffed Hal Burton. “I couldn’t think up a lone idea if I tried!”

“What’s the matter?” harried Cy Falkner, president of Falkner, Inc., an advertising agency, “have you lost your head over a girl again?”

“Worse. This time I’ve lost the girl as well!” Hal confessed. “And Cy, what a lass! She was on the stage and, of course, I know very well that I shouldn’t have expected very much in the way of fidelity. I found her in the hero’s dressing-room when I went up to New Haven to see her show open a little while ago. Another time I found another guy’s hat and stick on the hall-table, after she’d pushed me in the clothes closet to hide on her husband. But now that she’s run off to France with some foreign capitalist I can’t seem to get over her.”

“Look here, Hal. Pull yourself together.” Falkner leaned over his polished and expensive desk and talked confidentially. “You’re one of the best advertising engineers in the business. This Saxon’s Soap account means a lot to me. I want it right, that’s why I sent for you to plan it.”

“It’s no use,” Hal insisted. “I can’t get this girl out of my mind. And as long as she keeps troubling me this way I’ll never be able to do any work.”

Meanwhile Cy Falkner had furtively pressed a button on an ornate pad at the side of his desk.

It brought someone bouncing into his office on flying silken legs which carried the girlishly pert little lady from the outer office. She kissed Cy Falkner at the point where he was beginning to get bald.

Cy coughed and appeared embarrassed, as though he would like to have erased that kiss.

“Why, what’s the matter Falky dear—oh, I beg your pardon!” She had just noticed Hal. “Why, I thought Mr. Falkner was alone!”

“It’s perfectly all right,” grinned Hal.

“This is Mr. Hal Burton, the famous advertising engineer, Delphine,” Cy introduced them, seemingly still feeling awkward over the girl’s entrance. “Delphine Drake, one of our brightest writers of copy, Hal.”

The parties to the introduction said what they felt was proper and Cy hurriedly launched into what he wished to say. But Delphine apparently had caught Hal’s interest. His eyes swept up her shining legs and aloft to her bright blue eyes and shining hair. It was evident that Delphine clicked with Hal—if he could only stop thinking of his vanished sweetheart.

“You remember that layout you thought of for Saxon’s Soap, Delphine? Remember, you demonstrated it to me the other day,” said Cy. “I want you to give Hal the same demonstration. Talk it over with him, don’t leave out any of the details. And I’ll be surprised if between you there isn’t



an exciting campaign evolved for that product."

"Here, where are you going, Cy?" Hal demanded, the executive of the establishment having started for the door.

"I'm going to leave you two alone for a while," Cy grinned. "Creative artists must have privacy and I want you two to get together on this soap business. Let me know when you've got the campaign all planned. I'll give orders that you're not to be disturbed in here."

Hall thought he discerned a frame-up. He arose to protest. But Delphine insinuated herself into his vision. He hesitated and was lost. For Cy went out, closed the door of the private office and—apparently that was that.

For that matter Delphine seemed to consider the situation fully as unusual as Hal did. But she was the type of girl that can handle any situation with skillful precision and she proceeded to handle this one with her usual ability.

"I've heard a lot about you," she said, soothingly, seating herself on Cy Falkner's desk. She had the sort of feminine figure with which certain revue producers like to adorn their already lavish stage shows. Even in the way she wore her clothes there was a sauciness and intimacy of understanding which seemed to render them all but non-existent.

"What was this demonstration Cy was talking about?" Hal asked.

"Why, I was just showing him

the other day what I thought would be a corking illustration for a Saxon's Soap ad," Delphine explained. "I simply sat back like this." Delphine draped herself across the desk top. "And grasped a corner of my dress," Delphine continued. "The line to accompany the illustration would be, 'I wash my clothes in Saxon's Soap to preserve their daintiness.'"

"That's very good," said Hal, and it was noticeable that his eyes seemed to fasten affectionately on Delphine's little dimpled chin. Boy! this little femme was sure one great knockout, Hal decided after a moment. He'd forgotten all about his lost love, the one who had hopped off to France without letting him know — the two-timing little schemer. And the funny part of it was that Hal was unaware of the fact that she had skipped his mind so completely. He was so engrossed with his admiration for Delphine that the other dame and, in fact, all the rest of the dames he ever knew, disappeared completely from his memory.

And to think he'd been so madly in love with this last one that he had sworn no one in the world would ever be able to take her place and now . . . well, now here was Delphine copping all the honors. Oh, she knew her vegetables, this little charmer!

"Perhaps if you'll concentrate, we'll be more insured against disturbance," suggested Delphine. "After all, you know, when you're



working on an important advertising campaign like this one for Saxon's Soap, you've got to concentrate thoroughly. Probably I don't have to tell an advertising expert like you anything of that sort, but you know how it is—"

"Of course, of course," said Hal with enthusiasm. "I certainly will concentrate. Now we're getting somewhere with this advertising matter. And we surely don't want to be disturbed—for hours!"

Hal went over to his files, turned around and saw that Delphine had assumed a new pose for the ad. She had stretched her arms up over her head.

"I wonder if you'd like this pose better?" she asked.

Hal stood quite still a moment, staring, while the boundless beauty and charm of Delphine Drake were enfolded. All his recent woes, his quixotic grief over that girl who had gone, began to lose outline and significance. Now at last he was aware of the fact that she couldn't hold a candle when it came to Delphine. Quite suddenly he wanted to kiss Delphine. He walked forward as though automatically. Delphine saw his kiss coming while he was yet several paces away. She just sat there, waiting. Hal swept her down into his arms, lifting her, holding her. Her eyes were wide and starry for just one instant. Then they closed as she raised her lips for that kiss.

Her arms were about Hal's neck. And her sweet, gently rounded shoulders were just below his lips.

Delphine cuddled up close to him.

"Little goddess!" Hal exclaimed, softly.

"Am I a goddess?" Delphine twitted. "Well, maybe so, because according to mythology none of the goddesses had a conscience. However, maybe we'd better be turning out some copy, if Mr. Falkner isn't to get sore."

Hal naturally had no desire to sit down at the typewriter.

"Can't be bothered with copy," he said, stubbornly.

"Why not, dear? This Saxon's Soap account is a big item in this office. Let's write some copy together and I'll give you a kiss for every paragraph you put down," Delphine teased.

Hal couldn't seem to hold out against that inducement. They established themselves at the typewriter beside the president's desk. Hal ran a piece of paper into the machine.

"What if I write a page right away? What do I get for that?" Hal inquired.

"I suppose you think you ought to get a great big kiss for every page of script you put down," said Delphine.

"Why not?" Hal challenged her.

"All right—but I wonder what you'll be demanding by the time you've finished outlining the whole campaign."

It must have been about the time the office force was going home that Cy Falkner came and rapped on the door.

"We're all clearing out of here



and leaving you two alone to work on that campaign," he called, without insisting that Hall open the door. "When do you expect to have it ready?"

"The less you disturb us the sooner we'll finish," Hal informed him.

"Well, don't work too late," Cy cautioned, with a smile in his voice. "And don't forget to lock up here before you leave."

The president of the concern then retreated from the door.

The privacy of Hal and Delphine was complete. No danger of interruption now, nothing to worry about. It must have been hard for Hal to concentrate on dummies and layouts, knowing this. It was all the harder, no doubt, with beautiful Delphine continually at his elbow. Hall stopped at intervals to take her in his arms and anoint her warm humanity with caresses which left her fluttering and snuggling against him. Still, he couldn't completely desert the work he was doing for Cy Falkner, now that Delphine had got him started on it. He was that sort of craftsman—conscientious.

He did mention some time later that he was a changed man. "A few hours ago," he said, "I was all washed up on account of a love affair. The girl left me and it seemed as though I could never love again. But I've got to confess that I'm deeper in love with you, Delphine, than I've ever been with anybody."

"Oh, Hal, aren't you the sweet!" Delphine kissed him.

After a time she offered to go out and bring in some sandwiches. Hal approved of the idea and helped her into her coat and hat, administering a kiss or two as he did so. She went on her way.

It was a few minutes after she'd gone that Hal thought to phone the bootlegger.

"Hello, Frank?" he inquired, having dialed the bootlegger's number.

To his surprise a girl's voice answered.

"I want to talk to Frank," Hal said.

"Frank's out of town," the voice said. "Anything I can do?"

"Can you send me up a quart of rye?"

"Having a party?" the voice asked familiarly.

"Sort of. How about the rye?"

"I'll bring it myself."

"If you want to—" Hal said.

"Yeah, I want to. Where are you?"

Hall told her and hung up. Ten minutes later he opened the door for a blonde whose merit seemed to be well distributed. That is, there was a sparkle to her hazel eyes, a compelling pucker about her lips.

"I brought your rye," she said, in a rich sensuous voice, and smiled.

"Oh, yes. Come in, won't you?"

Hal shut the door after she had entered the reception-room. His



eyes travelled interestedly over her figure. Some sweet silken pedestals she walked about on! Just the type to be generous with her favors. Hal felt a tingle running up and down his spine.

"Frank ought to do a lot of business—with your help."

"I've never done this before. I'm Viviane, Frank's wife. But, you see, Frank's out of town and I've been sort of lonesome. I thought that if you were having a party and I came over maybe I'd be invited."

Hal looked at her a moment. "Sorry," he said. "But this isn't really a party. A young lady and I are working late this evening, that's all. But anyhow, now that you're here, have a drink—before you leave."

"Yes, I think I'd like one."

Hal poured them straight, using the office paper cups.

"Well here's looking at your garters," said Hal.

Viviane smiled. "You haven't been looking at them, have you?"

"I haven't had a chance, so far," Hal acknowledged.

"Well, maybe I won't be stingy about it—some other time," said Viviane, sitting down on one of the desks with her drink, "if you get a kick out of that sort of thing."

"I get a kick out of anything feminine," Hal admitted, pouring a second drink for himself and poisoning the bottle until Viviane completely finished hers. This she did at once and he trickled out a second four-fingers.

"I'll want you to kiss me in a minute," she said.

"You won't have to tease very hard," said Hal.

It was downright carelessness, of course, that Hal was kissing her just when Delphine came through the door with a bag of sandwiches. Hal had intended to watch out for just that. But the lively Viviane with her air of intense carelessness and her perturbing mouth, had at last moved him beyond restraint. He kissed her recklessly and generously.

The first sound Hal heard from the doorway was the crackle of paper as the hand, in which Delphine carried the package, clenched.

He looked up.

Delphine gave him one lasting look of intense resentment, dropped the bag, turned and slammed out of the office.

Hal started after her, but Viviane grasped his sleeve.

"Was that the girl you were supposed to work late with?"

"Yes. Looked annoyed, didn't she?"

"I didn't intend to be anybody's trouble," Viviane said, gathering up her gloves. "I guess I'll run along."

"I'm going to lock up here anyway and see if I can catch that girl," Hal said.

He did almost catch her at the corner of Fifth Avenue, where she was waiting for a bus. But she got one before he reached the corner. He grabbed the next bus.



Thanks to some happy break he was looking down the right street when the bus stopped. Delphine had just got off the bus ahead and was hastening, apparently, home to her apartment. Hal left the bus and followed. He just got his foot in the vestibule door as she was about to close it.

"Delphine, let me explain!"

"All right, come upstairs," Delphine said, not a bit graciously.

It's exceptionally easy to explain to a girl if, at the time of the explanation, she happens to be sitting near you on a pillow-decked studio divan. And particularly if you embellish your words with gestures of a loving sort.

"We thought up a lot of ideas

this afternoon, didn't we, Delphine?" Hal said, when the explaining was over and done with.

"Quite a lot. I hope you've finished the campaign for Saxon's Soap," Delphine said.

"I have—all but a couple of touches I can add any time. But speaking of ideas, I want to say that I've just thought up the best one so far: how about our getting married?"

Delphine moved closer to him, looking up at him with limpid eyes though their lips touched. All the poignant softness of her was in his arms, her sweetness surrendering to his every caress.

"That is a great idea, Hal," she said.

## ELECTROPLATING for Hobby or Profit

Written especially for the advanced amateur, and home mechanic, this illustrated folio tells you how you can do silver and gold plating. You can easily earn extra money revamping silverware for neighbourhood housewives. Completely illustrated instructions are given, along with the necessary formulas. This brand new folio is right up-to-the-minute and guaranteed to give satisfaction.

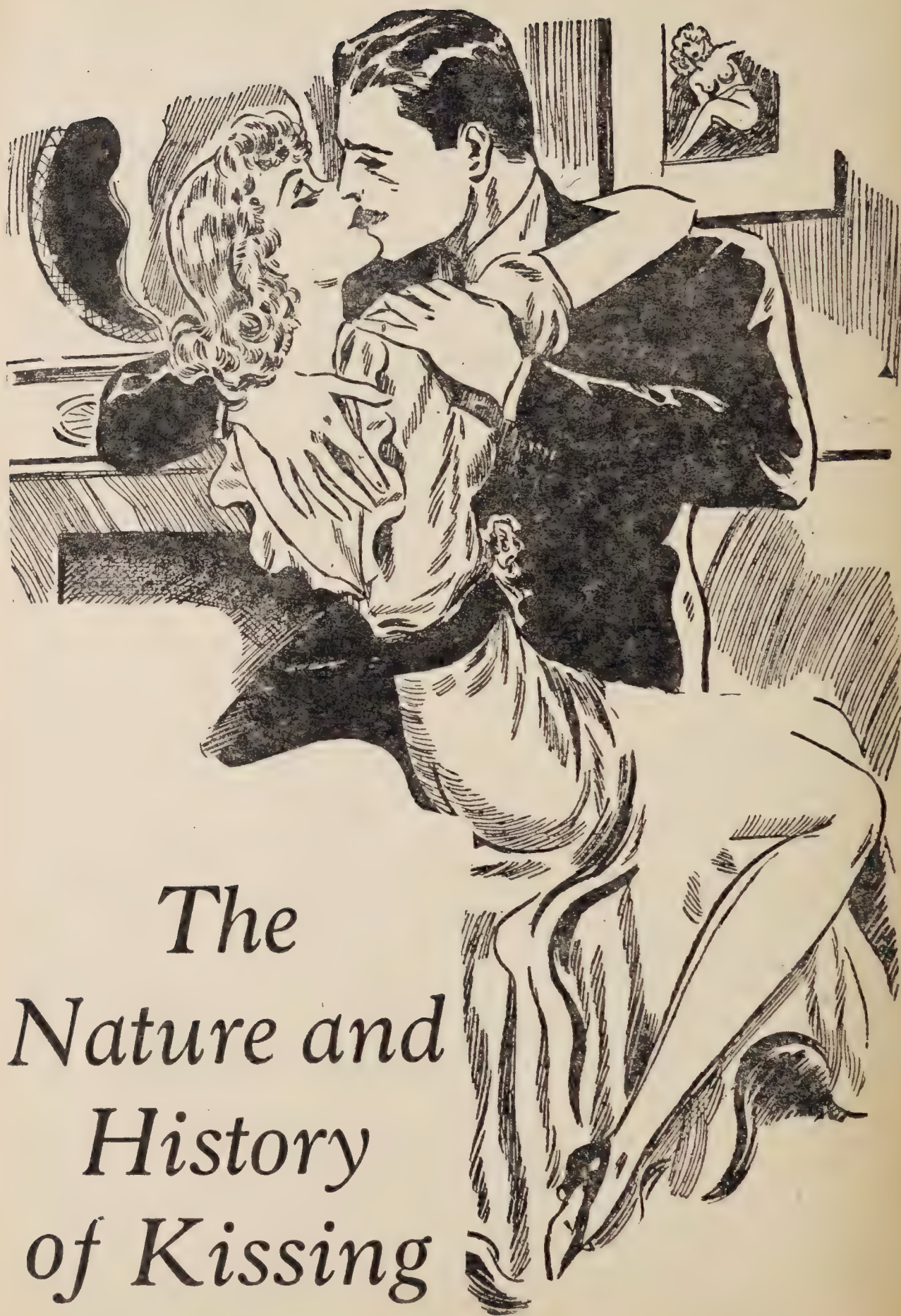
**Special 10c Prepaid**

**ARCADE MAIL ORDER COMPANY**

Yonge Arcade,

Toronto 1, Ont.





*The  
Nature and  
History  
of Kissing*



**K**ISSING is a universal expression in the social life of the higher civilizations of the feelings of affection, love (sexual parental, and filial), and veneration. In its general use it is more or less symbolic, but in maternal and in sexual love it has an essential value of its own as a focus of physical emotion, which it not only expresses but stimulates.

### 1: General Description

A refinement of general bodily contact, the instinct to which is irreducible, kissing supplies a case, in the higher levels of physiological psychology, of the meeting and interaction of the two complementary primal impulses, hunger and love.

It is remarkable that, although the act in its civilized form is very rare among the lower and semi-civilized races, it is fully established as instinctive in the higher societies. This is a case of an acquired character or of some corresponding process. Equally remarkable is the fact that a line can be drawn between the higher civilizations; thus, the kiss seems to have been unknown to ancient Egypt; in early Greece and Assyria it was firmly established, and probably its development in India was as early as the Aryan age.

Touch is "the mother of the senses," and the kiss may be referred generally to a tactile basis, as a specialized form of contact. Animal life provides numerous analogies; the billing of birds, the cataglottism of pigeons and the antennal play of some insects, are typical cases.

Among the higher animals, such as the bear and the dog, there is a development which seems to lead up to those forms of the act most prevalent among the lower races of man and also characteristic of

the peoples of Eastern Asia. Far more similar, however, to the civilized human kiss and the nonolfactory forms of the savage kiss is the habit attested for cats of pressing or squeezing one another's nose..

### 1. Forms of the Kiss

The lower types of the kiss are incorrectly grouped by travellers under the term "rubbing noses," and various forms are often confused. The olfactory form occasionally includes mutual contact with the nose, as among the Maoris, Society and Sandwich Islanders, the Tongans, the Eskimo, and most of the Malayan peoples.

The rubbing of noses, often styled the "Malay kiss," is described by Darwin thus: the giver of the kiss places his nose at right angles on the nose of the other, and then rubs it; the process occupies no longer than a handshake among Europeans.

Cook and others describe the South Sea Islands form as a vigorous mutual rubbing with the end of the nose, omitting the olfactory element. Elsewhere, as among the Australians, general contact of the face occurs, that is, "face-rubbing." In many of the lower races mothers lick their infants. But the typical primitive kiss is contact of nose and cheek; the Khyoungtha, for instance, apply mouth and nose to the cheek, and then inhale.

Among the Chinese, Yakuts, and various Mongolian peoples, and even the Lapps of Europe, this method is characteristic, and is thus described by d'Enjoy: the nose is pressed on the cheek, a nasal inspiration follows, during which the eyelids are lowered; lastly, there is a smacking of the lips.

The three phases are clearly distinguished. It is remarkable that



this Eastern Asiatic method, typically primitive, should be retained by Chinese civilization. The Japanese have no word for kiss, and the act is known only between mother and child.

The European kiss consists essentially in the application of the lips to some part of the face, head or body, or to the lips of the other person. Normally there is no [conscious] olfactory element, and any tactile use of the nose is absolutely unknown. It is thus a distinct species, and to describe it as having been evolved from the savage form is erroneous. As a racial habit, it distinguishes the European peoples and their cultural or racial ancestry, the Teutons, the Graeco-Romans, and the Semites, but it appears to have been unknown to the Celts.

As for its physiological derivation we have excluded certain elements. Nyrop refers it to taste and smell; Tylor describes it as a "salute by tasting," d'Enjoy as "a bite and a suction." Each of these definitions is untenable. Though popular metaphor inevitably speaks of taste, and even of eating and drinking, there is nothing gustatory in the kiss. Such suction as may be described to it is merely the mechanical closing of the lips, as in speaking and eating. This may be ascribed to it is merely the biting, but it would be misleading.

Similarly in abnormal forms some use of the tongue occurs. But no connection with the bite can be maintained, except in the sense to be explained below. It is true that playful biting with the teeth is practised by savage mothers, and among various peoples by passionate lovers, but there is no derivative connection between this and the kiss proper. The suggestion has been made that the kiss is practically a mode of speech.

Emphasis is here laid on the weak or loud sound which often accompanies the so-called "sucking movement" of the muscles of the lips; this inspiratory bilabial sound is compared to the lip-click of many barbarous languages. The suggestion does not go far; the element of truth is the fact that the kiss, like language, is a refinement of the nutritive processes of the mouth.

The kiss is a special case of tactile sensory pleasure. In it the lips, the skin of which is the very sensitive variety between the ordinary cuticle and the mucous membrane, are alone concerned. The movement made is the initial movement of the process of eating.

There is, no doubt, a true psychological nexus between affection and hunger, which is very truly expressed in the mechanism of the kiss. The act is a secondary habit of the lips, just as speech is a secondary habit of the whole oral mechanism. The intimate connection between the development of language and the masticatory processes of man has been brought out by E. J. Payne.

The kiss, therefore, is not to be referred to the bite, or even to gustation, much less to mastication, to suction or to olfactory processes. The primary movement of the lips is simply transferred to a metaphorical use, so to say, and their sensitiveness is applied to a secondary object, whose stimulus is not hunger, but the analogous emotions of love, affection, and veneration.

Lombroso has argued that the kiss of lovers is derived from the maternal kiss. It is true that the latter is sometimes found among peoples who do not practise the former. The Japanese, for instance, are ignorant of the kiss,



except as applied by a mother to her infant.

In Africa and other uncivilized regions it is a common observation of travellers that husbands and wives, and lovers, do not kiss. But all mothers seem to caress and fondle their children. Winwood Reade has described the horror shown by a young African girl when he kissed her in the European fashion.

The argument, however, of Lombroso is of the same order as that which derives sexual love from maternal, and in neither case can there be any derivation, precisely because the subject during adolescence comes into a new physical and psychological environment, which itself is sufficient to explain a new reaction.

Some variation in the kiss proper (which we identify with the European) may be here noted. The kiss of North American Indian women is described as consisting in laying the lips softly on the cheek, no sound or motion being made. This would not come under the Chinese criticism of the European kiss as being voracious.

When Australian or Negro women are mentioned as employing the kiss, we may assume that it is of the olfactory variety. The former people have one branch, the North Queensland tribes, where the kiss is well developed. It is used between mother and child, and between husband and wife. In contrast with many early languages, the pitta-pitta dialect has a word for kissing.

As for distinctions in the civilized Western kiss, that of the ancient Roman still applies, though modern languages do not employ three terms for the three forms. In Latin, *osculum* was the kiss on the face or cheeks, as used between friends; *basium* was the kiss of

affection, made with and on the lips; *suavium* (or *savium*) was the kiss between the lips, confined to lovers alone.

The modern French retain, and other continental peoples (to some extent the English also) follow them, the distinction between the kiss on the cheek and the kiss on the mouth, the latter being reserved for lovers. Both in social custom and in literature the erotic symbolism of the lovers' kiss has assumed a remarkable importance among the French, who regard a kiss on the mouth, except in cases of love, as a real social sin.

It is interesting to note how this modern European complex of habits is a combination of the practices of Graeco-Roman, Hebrew, and early Christian civilizations.

### 3. Social History

Though kissing is said to be unknown among the Japanese prior to European influence, among the Indians of Guiana, the ancient Celtic peoples and the ancient Egyptians, each statement is probably too dogmatic. The general conclusion is that the habit in some form or another has been prevalent since primitive times, and has received its chief development in Western culture.

Among the Greeks and Latins parents kissed their children, lovers and married persons kissed one another, and so did friends of the same sex or of different sexes. The kiss was used in various religious and ceremonial acts. Under the early Empire the practice assumed remarkable forms in social intercourse; it was fashionable, for instance, to perfume the mouth.

Very similar was the Hebrew practice, with the exception that kissing between persons of different sex was discountenanced,



though a male cousin might kiss a female cousin. The Rabbis advised that all such kisses should be avoided, as leading to lewdness, and restricted the kiss to greeting, farewell, and respect. In Semitic life there was also more use of the ceremonial kiss than among the Greeks and Romans.

The Early Christian habit of promiscuous kissing as a symbol of fellowship was an application of pagan social practice, and there are grounds for supposing that it offended the Hebrew element as it certainly shocked the Jewish Church. This is St. Peter's kiss of charity"; and St. Paul frequently writes: "Salute one another with an holy kiss." The kiss possessed a sacramental value. "The primitive usage was for the 'holy kiss' to be given promiscuously, without any restriction as to sexes or ranks, among those who were all one in Christ Jesus."

Later, owing to scandals, or rather to such feelings as Tertullian mentions, the practice was limited, and it was ordered that men of the laity should salute men, and women—women, separately.

The classical practice, rendered slightly more free by the early Christian extension, prevailed throughout the Middle Ages, with the curious detail that English women had more liberty than continental ones in kissing male friends.

Erasmus, in a famous passage, describes the freedom possessed in this matter by English girls. In Catholic ritual the kiss dwindled to more or less of a survival. In court ceremonial it persisted with other details of etiquette; and the same was the case with certain ecclesiastical and legal formalities. Knights after being dubbed, persons elected to office, and brides on marriage were kissed. After

the Renaissance a change appeared in England, and kissing became more and more restricted to parental and sexual relations. Thus, Congreve writes at the end of the seventeenth century: "You think you're in the Country, where great lubberly Brothers slabber and kiss one another when they meet, like a Call of Serjeants—'Tis not the fashion here. . . ."

At the same time the practice of kissing between friends of different sex, other than lovers and relatives by birth or marriage, fell out of use. It had done so in France a century earlier, and the restriction was copied by English society. Increasing moral refinement, or perhaps the increase of restrictions necessitated by an extension of individualism, may be assigned as a cause.

In modern social life the kiss is confined to lovers, members of the family, and women-friends. Between fathers and sons it does not survive adolescence. In continental countries it still persists, especially in France, between male friends, and this fashion is preserved between sovereigns.

The courtly use of kissing a lady's hand as a mark of respect came from the court life of Renaissance times. It is obsolete in common life, but clings to the etiquette of great personages. As already stated, the distinction is carefully preserved among continental people between the kiss of affection and the kiss of affianced love.

#### 4. Social and Religious Usages

In the etiquette, natural or artificial, of salutation, the kiss is a central point, where the relations involve tenderness or veneration, or where these emotions are supposed. Its importance is illustrated by various facts of language.



The "embrace" and the "salute" are (in use) synonymous with it. Where the act is obsolete, language preserves its memory. The Spaniard says: "I kiss your hands"; the Austrian describes an ordinary salutation by the phrase "Kuss d'Hand."

According to Rabbi Akiba, the Medes kissed the hand only. Odysseus on his return was kissed by his friends on the head, hands and shoulders. In Greece generally inferiors kissed superiors. In Persia equals in rank kissed each other on the mouth, and those slightly unequal on the cheek, while one much inferior in rank prostrated himself. Esau "fell on the neck" of Jacob and kissed him.

Among the Hebrews the cheek, forehead, beard, hands and feet were kissed; some deny the practice of kissing on the lips. The phrase in the *Song of Songs* does not prove its existence, but there is no *a priori* reason against it in the case of the lover's kiss.

The customary kiss in modern Palestine is thus described: "Each, in turn, places his head, face downwards, upon the other's left shoulder, and afterwards kisses him upon the right cheek, and then reverses the action, by placing his head similarly upon the other's right shoulder and kissing him upon the left cheek. . . . When a kindly, but somewhat more formal and respectful salutation passes between those of the same rank, they will take hold of each other's beards and kiss them.

Women also greet their husbands, and children their fathers, in like manner. . . . The salutation which passes in polite society between a host and those of his guests who are in a similar station of life, consists in placing the right hand upon the other's left shoul-

der and kissing his right cheek, and then laying the left hand on his right shoulder and kissing his left cheek. . . . There is another more formal mode of salutation between those of similar station of life when meeting in the ordinary way.

In this case they join their right hands, simply placing them one to the other, and then each kisses his own hand and puts it to his lips and forehead, sometimes to his forehead only, or over his heart, and at others over his heart, merely, without kissing it." It has been suggested that, when Absalom to gain popularity kissed the people, he employed the second form.

Equals saluted one another on the cheek or head; so Samuel saluted Saul. Inferiors kissed the hands of superiors. If, in the betrayal of Jesus, Judas kissed his Master on the face, it was an act of presumption.

The fact that the kiss was passed over without remark seems to show that it was, as it should have been from disciple to master, a kiss on the hand. The Prodigal Son would kiss his father's hands before being embraced and kissed. Inferiors also kissed the feet (as the woman "who was a sinner," and would-be borrowers), or again, the "hem of the garment." Vassals, in the Assyrian inscriptions, show submission by kissing the monarch's feet.

Similar homage may be assigned to the phrase, "Kiss the Son." As an act of piety, the Pharisees practised kissing the feet, as did the pious generally. The humiliation of the symbolic act of Christ in kissing the disciples' feet has been preserved till (the present day) by some religious orders, and even by European monarchs. The foot of the pope is kissed in ceremonial audiences. By the year



A.D. 847 it was said to be an ancient usage. There are grounds for supposing it to be derived from a usage in the Emperor-worship of Rome.

Prostration is an instinctive expression of fear, awe, or adoration; to clasp the knees, as was the custom with Greek supplicants, is equally instinctive. The act of kissing the feet is a refinement of these. The *Old Testament* phrase "licking the dust," is equally doubtfully referred to the kiss upon the feet. In ancient India it was a familiar salutation of respect. The feudalistic aspect of the little court held by the old Roman *patronus* is illustrated by Martial's epigram, which complains of the burdensome civility of the kisses of clients.

In the court ceremonial of medieval and modern Europe, the kiss on the cheek obtains, as we have seen, between sovereigns; subjects kiss the sovereign's hand. In medieval Europe the vassal thus salutes the lord, while it was not unusual to kiss a bishop's hand.

In modern Europe a kiss conveying blessing or reverence is usually on the forehead. "In Morocco equals salute each other by joining their hands with a quick motion, separating them immediately, and kissing each his own hand. The Turk kisses his own hand, and then places it on his forehead.

The Arab kisses his hand to the storm. Such is the gesture of adoration to sun and moon referred to in the *Old Testament*, and also used by the Greeks to the sun. It was the Greek and Roman method of adoration. In explanation of the gesture, Oriental folklore agrees with the European in identifying life or soul with the breath. More exactly, the thrown kiss is a symbolic act, transferring to an object at a distance merely the essence of the kiss.

The kiss in its legal aspect is a natural application of the ideas which produced hand-shaking and similiar modes of contact. Medieval knights kissed, as modern boxers shake hands, before the encounter.

Reconciled foes kiss as a sign of peace. It was specially in connection with marriage that the kiss *osclum*, *oscle*, was prominent. *Osclum* was a synonym generally for *pactum*; *osculata pax* was a peace confirmed by a kiss; *osclare* meant *dotare*; and *osculum interveniens* was a term applied to gifts between engaged persons.

If one of them died before marriage, the presents were returned should no kiss have been given at the betrothal. It is significant that the kiss was symbolical of marriage as *initium consummationis nuptiarum*. In old French and medieval law generally the term *oscle* was applied to the principle that a married woman kissing or being kissed by another man than her husband was guilty of adultery.

Besides the permanent objects of the kiss, in family and analogous relations, the relations of superior and inferior, lord and vassal, sovereign and subject, there are many others which, with more or less permanence, have claimed the kiss as a religious service. It is very significant of the affectionate element in religion that the kiss should have played so large a part in its ritual.

The meeting-point between the social and the religious aspects of the kiss is perhaps to be found in the application of the salute to saints and religious heroes. Thus Joseph kissed Jacob, and his disciples kissed Paul. Joseph kissed his dead father, and the custom is retained in our civilization of



imprinting a farewell kiss on dead relatives.

To suggest, however, that the act of Joseph proves the worship of Jacob as a divine being is against psychology. All that can be said is that so fine a human sentiment is on the border-line between social and religious feeling. In medieval Europe there was a similar feeling about the kiss of state. This is shown by the instance of Henry II. and St. Thomas of Canterbury, and of Richard I. and St. Hugh.

Similarly in social life generally; it is said that among the Welsh the kiss was used only on special occasions, and a husband could put away his wife for kissing another man, however innocently.

The early Christians exploited the social value of the kiss. Though in strong contrast to the Welsh custom, this is equally sacramental. It has been argued that the ritualistic "kiss of peace" alone obtained among the Christians, and that the social salute was not practised. But the evidence is strong enough to prove the latter custom. For St. Ambrose this was "*pietatis et caritatis pignus*." The custom involved a peculiar sentiment, if we consider it in connection with the Christian ideal and practice of love, in which passion was encouraged, though chastity was enforced.

In the early Church the baptised were kissed by the celebrant after the ceremony. Roman Catholic ritual still includes the kiss bestowed on the newly-ordained by the bishop. The bishop on consecration and the king when crowned receive the kiss. The kiss bestowed on penitents after absolution was connected with the kiss received by the Prodigal Son.

The practice of giving a farewell kiss to the dead is probably con-

nected with the old Italian rite of receiving the soul of the dying in his last breath. In the sixth century the Council of Auxerre (A.D. 578) prohibited the kissing of the dead. Penitents were enjoined to kiss sacred objects.

### 5. The Kiss of Peace

First mentioned in the second century by Justin, the kiss of peace was one of the most distinctive elements in the Christian ritual. To Clement of Alexandria it was a "mystery." The kiss was a preliminary rite in the primitive mass. Conybeare has suggested that it was derived from an institution of the synagogue. Philo speaks of a "kiss of harmony" like that between the elements; the Word of God brings hostile things together in concord and the kiss of love.

However that may be, the *pax* became a feature of both Western and Eastern ritual, more conspicuously in the former.

St. Cyril writes: "The kiss is the sign that our souls are united, and that we banish all remembrance of injury." This kiss seems to have been given at the beginning of the offertory, between the washing of hands and the *sursum corda*. But, later, the kiss was in close connection with the Communion. It has therefore been conjectured that the *pax* was given twice.

In the modern Roman ritual it is given only at High Mass, and rarely to any of the congregation. The celebrant kisses the corporal, and presents his left cheek to the deacon, with the formula *pax tecum*, answered by *et cum spirita tuo*. The deacon conveys the kiss to the sub-deacon, and he to the other clergy.



In the Greek liturgy the celebrant says, "Peace be to all," and kisses the gifts, while the deacon kisses his own stole. On Easter Sunday in the same Church the congregation kiss one another.

The fact that the Christians at the time of the younger Pliny were called upon, when arrested, to "adore" the effigy of the Emperor was sufficient to emphasize the ritual importance of the kiss.

*Adoratio*, that is, the act of carrying to the mouth, the Roman form of homage and worship, consisting in raising the right hand to the lips, kissing it, and then waving it in the direction of the adored object, after which the worshipper turned his body to the right. During the ceremony the head was covered, except when Saturn or Hercules was adored. Plutarch suggests fantastic reasons for exceptional uses in which the worshipper turned from right to left.

But both Greeks and Romans employed the kiss direct in worship. Cicero observes that the lips and beard of the statue of Hercules at Agrigentum were almost worn away by the kisses of the devout.

The kiss indirect, or the kiss at a distance, may be described as a natural extension of the direct, capable of development by any people independently. But it is a curious fact that it can be traced from Graeco-Roman civilization to that of modern Europe, where, however, it appears to be instinctive in children.

The adoration of the Roman Emperors was influenced by Oriental ceremonial. It consisted in bowing or kneeling, touching the robe, and putting the hand to the lips, or kissing the robe; a variation was the kissing of the feet or knees.

The kiss of homage in the Middle Ages was so important a part of the ceremony that *osculum* became a synonym for *homagium*. The vassal kissed the lord's feet, very occasionally his thigh. Afterwards he offered a present for the privilege, a *baise-main*, a term which shows the connexion or confusion with the equally prevalent fashion of kissing the hand of the sovereign.

It is said that Rolf the Ganger, the first Duke of Normandy, when receiving the province as a fief from Charles the Simple, kissed the monarch's feet by lifting them to his mouth as he stood erect. When homage was paid in the lord's absence, the vassal kissed the door; this was *baiser l'buis* or *le verrouil*.

## 6. Death by Kissing

Rabbinical lore includes a unique fancy, explanatory of the death of the righteous. According to this, the death of a favourite of God is the result of a kiss from God. Such a death was the easiest of all, and was reserved for the most pious.

Thus died Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Aaron, Moses, and Miriam. There is a legend that, as St. Monica lay dying, a child kissed her on the breast, and the saint at once passed away. Italian folklore preserves the Hebrew idea in one of its phrases for death. "*Ad-dormentarsi nel bacio del Signore*," "To fall asleep in the lord's kiss." The kiss of a ghost (in other folklore) produces death.

## 7. Kissing Sacred Objects

(There is much evidence of beliefs connected with the kissing of sacred objects.) Kissing the image of a god was a recognized rite of adoration among both Greeks and



Romans. The early Arabs had the same rite; on leaving and entering the house they kissed the house-gods. In the Eleusinian Mysteries the sacred objects were kissed.

The toe of St. Peter's statue is kissed by Roman Catholics. The Muslims kiss the Ka'ba at Mecca. In the wall there is a black stone believed by Muslims to be one of the stones of paradise. It was once white, but has been blackened by the kisses of sinful but believing lips.

The Hebrews often lapsed into the idolatrous practice; Hosea speaks of "killing calves"; the image of Baal was kissed. Together with kneeling, the kiss comprises belief and homage.

The Hebrews kissed the floor of the Temple, and to this day it is the practice to kiss the *sisith* of the *tallith* when putting it on, the *mezuzah* at the door when entering or leaving, and the scroll of the law when about to read or to bless it.

It is even customary among Jews, though not obligatory, when a Hebrew book is dropped to kiss it. "Kissing the Book" is a case, surviving as a real living ceremony in the highest civilization, of primitive conceptions of the oath. These were expressed in various forms.

One method of "charging" an oath with supernatural energy is to touch, or to establish some kind of contact with a holy object on the occasion when the oath is taken."

The view of Dr. Westermarck that *mana* or *baraka* is thus imparted to the oath, in future developed when the name of a supernatural being is introduced; thus the modern English ceremony retains the words, "so help me God." A complementary aspect is sup-



plied by forms whose object is to prevent perjury.

The Angami Nagas, "place the barrel of a gun, or spear, between their teeth, signifying by this ceremony that, if they do not act up to their agreement, they are prepared to fall by either of the two weapons."

In Tibetan law-courts "the great oath" is taken "by the person placing a holy scripture on his head, and sitting on the reeking hide of an ox and eating a part of the ox's heart." Hindus swear on a copy of the Sanskrit *Harivamsa*.

The European ceremony of kissing the book of the New Testament after taking the oath in a law-court connects in its material form rather than with the kiss of reverence, as instanced in the kissing of relics and sacred objects generally. But in essence there is still some of the primitive sense of responsibility by contact, rendered stronger by the invocation of the name of the deity.

Derived indirectly from the Graeco-Roman ritual of kissing sacred objects and the Hebrew reverence for the scroll of the law,



it was early developed by the Christians into their characteristic ceremony of oathtaking.

Chrysostom writes: "But thou, if nothing else, at least reverence the very book thou holdest out to be sworn by, open the gospel thou takest in thy hand to administer the oath, and, hearing what Christ therein saith of oaths, tremble and desist." Ingeltrude is represented repeating the words: "These four Evangelists of Christ our God which I hold in my own hand and kiss with my own mouth."

In the former quotation the act of kissing can only be inferred from the word "reverence." The holding of the book is less definite than the Hebrew rite of placing the hands on the scroll when swearing. Even in the Middle Ages an oath was often taken merely by laying the hand on the Missal.

The Lombards swore lesser oaths by consecrated weapons, the greater on the Gospels, but it is not certain whether they kissed the book. An oath ratified by contact with a sacred object was a "corporal oath"; the object was the *halidome*, the equivalent to the Greek *opkos*, bath and object being identified. No doubt contact by means of the lips was at an early date regarded as more efficacious than contact by means of the hand, and thus the more primitive notion was superimposed upon that of adoration.

In Islam the rite is that usual in adoration and does not include the kiss.

In modern England a detail to be noted is that the hand holding the book must be ungloved. The book varies according to the creed: a Jew is sworn on the Old Testament and a Roman Catholic on the Douay Testament. The term

"book," employed with special reference to the oath upon the New Testament, has been regular in England since the fourteenth century at least.

Among Anglican clergy, it is customary to kiss the cross of the stole before putting it on. The Catholic Church enjoins the duty of kissing relics, the Gospels, the Cross, consecrated candles and palms, the hands of the clergy and the vestments and utensils of the liturgy. It was formerly part of the Western use that the celebrant should kiss the host. He now kisses the corporal. The altar is regarded as typical of Christ, and as such is kissed by the celebrant. In the Greek Church relics are kissed.

The "kiss of peace" was in medieval times the subject of a curious simplification of ritual, by which it became, as it were, a material object. In the 12th or 13th century, for reasons of convenience, the *instrumentum pacis* or *osculatorium*, was introduced. This was a plaque of metal, ivory, or wood, carved with various designs, and fitted with a handle.

It was brought to the altar for the celebrant to kiss, and then to each of the congregation at the rails. This is the pax-board or pax-brede of the museums.

## 8. Metaphor and Myth

The metaphorical applications of the idea of the kiss are not numerous. In some phrases it expresses a light touch. Generally it implies close contact or absolute reconciliation or acquiescence; to kiss the dust is to be overthrown; to kiss the rod is to submit to chastisement; to kiss the cup is to drink. Philostratus inspired Ben Johnson's image of the loved one leaving a kiss in the cup. A "butterfly kiss" is a light one.





Folklore developed in interesting ways the connection between the emotional gesture and the ideas of magic and charms. Relics were kissed to regain health. Conversely the kiss of a sacred person, a specialized form of his touch, cures the leper, as in the case of St. Martin. Some similar association of thought may attach to the nursery practice of "kissing the place to make it well", gamesters used to kiss the cards in order to secure luck with them; an Alpine peasant kisses the hand before receiving a present.

Pages in the French Court kissed any article which they were given to carry. A famous instance of symbolism is the kiss bestowed by Brutus on his mother-earth—

an application of the kiss of greeting. But in German folklore "to kiss the ground" is a synonym for "to die."

The privilege in English folk-custom known as "kissing under the mistletoe" is a Christmas festival practice connected by Frazer with the licence of the Saturnalia. It may have originated independently as an expression of festivity. Greek, Latin, and Teutonic mythology employed by motif of unbinding a spell by a kiss—*le fier baiser* of Arthurian romances, which changes a dragon into the maiden who had been enchanted.

The Sleeping Beauty awakened by the kiss of the lover is a widely-distributed motif. An analogy, without actual derivation, is to be



found in many primitive cases of cancelling a taboo. Thus in Australian ceremony bodily contact, analogous to the kiss, in various forms, removes the taboo between two persons, such as the celebrant and the subject of a rite

An analogy may be seen between Teutonic and early Christian ritual in the connexion drawn out by Grimm between minne-drinking and the kiss. He finds this both in sorcery and in sacrificial rites.

Closely parallel to the magical power of the kiss in breaking taboo and restoring to consciousness is the myth-motive in which a kiss produces both forgetfulness

and remembrance. This capacity is evidently based on human experience, and is significant in connection with the practice of the kiss in religion. It brings to one focus the kiss of love and the kiss of adoration.

In the psychology of adolescence the kiss produces a forgetfulness of old conditions and awakens the subject to a new life. The kiss appears to have no symbol in art. European children and adolescents express it in writing by a cross, perhaps merely an accidental choice. The Slavic Jews style an insincere kiss as a "kiss with dots."

## THE END

### LOONEY LETTERS

Nothing like them anywhere in the world. Old maids buy them and hide them under the bed. Playboys use them on their best gals. Playgirls use them to "win" their big moments. People with suppressed desires use them to overcome their timidity.

Oh boy if you haven't seen these—then you "ain't seen nuthin'." For broad-minded men and women only!

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK IF YOU DON'T THINK THEY'RE THE "TOPS".

Special 8 to the Set for **25¢** Prepaid

BRITISH NEWS AGENCY

Box 315

Toronto 1, Ont.





By  
ROBERT  
L.  
DUMONT

# *YOUNG LADIES IN MAD LOVE*

A Double Wedding Solved  
the Personal Problems of  
Two Members of Our Younger  
Generation.





THE huge, sleek, green-and-orange car come to a stop at the side of the road and the slip of a girl cuddled against the man at the wheel moved languidly from the circle of his arm. A silver flask glinted in the moonlight as its bottom tilted skyward.

As an overtone to the soft stir of the fragrant April night, came the dull splashes of kisses. The sullen red glow of cigarette-tips described quick, nervous arcs.

And then Fen made that crazy wager.

"Betcha I can make you scream and beg me to slow down in the next five miles," he dared.

The girl turned to stare at him with the feverish brightness of the long row of cocktails she had sipped at the *Green Stocking* shining in her gorgeous, incredibly long-lashed eyes.

"Bet what?" she inquired.

"Betcha a quart of real, sure-nuff champagne from the pater's cellar against a dozen kisses!"

"Done!" Lora agreed.

The heavy car shot forward with a breath-taking lurch. Lora fascinatedly watched the speedometer needle climb swiftly to seventy and on toward seventy-five. The wind pelted against her cheeks as if laden with bird shot. Mad, reckless speed! This was the life.

"Whoopee!" she exulted in Fen's ear just to let him know what a walloping kick she was getting out of it.

The needle hovered over seventy-

five for a moment, then slowly went toward eighty.

And then it happened—a gaunt, spotted cow nonchalantly sauntered right square into the glare of the headlights. Fen swerved sharply to one side of the road to avoid catastrophe.

Lora screamed shrilly. "Oh, for the lovamike, stop!" she screeched.

Fen slowed down with a triumphant chuckle. He slipped his arm about Lora's waist and drew her closer. Only two of the kisses he had won had been collected, however, when there came a sudden, rude interruption.

"Hey, there, you speed-mad maniac, stop! I got a little secret to tell you!" a raucous voice bawled beside the car.

Fen turned disgustedly to find a goggled road cop on a motorcycle holding up his gauntleted hand as if he were commanding the moon to stop in its course and expected to get away with it.

Being an old and calloused offender, Fen first tried cajolery then money. But the cop was adamant.

"I got special orders about you two," he said grimly. "The judge and your two dads must have put their heads together. I got instructions the next time I caught you burnin' up the road to take you both home — under arrest. Come on, let's go!"

"Migosh, Stoneface must have something specially nasty up his sleeve!" Lora gasped.



She was referring thus lightly to her paternal parent, who had features like a granite crag, a disposition as touchy as a set rat trap and an ossified idea that it was a crime and a shame to be young and peppy.

When the highway cop had finally managed to get Stoneface down to the door of his palatial summer home, attired in robe and pajamas, it was the disposition that was uppermost. He was fairly sizzling.

"Speeding with that numbskull again, eh?" he grated, shaking a ham-like fist in the direction of his jazzy daughter and her fidgety escort. "And at three o'clock in the morning at that! Disgraceful! Scandalous! Well, I'll show you! Until we leave here next week, young lady, you'll be locked up in your room! I'll have bars put on the windows, too!"

And Stoneface was as good as his word, while Fen got away with a fire and brimstone tongue lashing and curtailment of his allowance from his pater.

So the following night, poor little Lora sat alone in her pink-and-ivory prison. Thanks to a generous bribe she had slipped one of the maids who had a heart, she had amusement of a sort—namely, a spicy novel, imported cigarettes and a well-filled cocktail shaker in which the ice tinkled invitingly.

Nevertheless, she was bored almost to the point of the heebie-jeebies. How much zippier it

would have been to be dancing and whooping 'em up with Fen at the *Green Stocking!*

A sudden noise in the direction of the fireplace startled her. She listened intently and heard the scraping and scratching sound again. Thoroughly mystified, she arose and drew aside the Japanese screen.

Two legs were dangling in the opening thus disclosed — nicely shaped masculine legs!

And the next moment Fen was standing before her with a wide grin illumining his soot-streaked features.

"Where there's a chimney, there's a way! Little exiled Napoleon, here we are!" he said triumphantly. "Gee, Santa Claus has all my sympathy now! I know what he has to go through, perhaps without even a rope ladder!"

He dropped a bundle he was carrying on a chair, slipped out of streaky overalls and wiped the soot from his face with his handkerchief.

"That's some stuff I brought along for a little party," he said, indicating the package. "Eats and drinks. But gee, baby doll, you haven't even said you're glad to see me!"

"Oh, Fen, you're a life-saver!" Lora cried, recovering sufficiently from her surprise to step into a negligée hanging over a chair. "I was about to perish of boredom!"

She threw her arms about his



A Historical Encyclopedia of the Science of Abnormal Brutality, Revealing all the Savage, Oriental, Ancient and Modern Methods of Sadistic Rites in Torture and Brutality.



Contains Nearly 100 Rare, Unusual, Esoteric and Amazing Illustrations

## "THE BOOK OF TORTURE"

Here is an immense work of vital interest to members of the medical and legal professions, historians, police officials, students of anthropology and the social sciences. It is an unusual book, revealing—frankly—savage maimings, orgiastic rites, abnormal, horrifying and diabolical cruelty.

The book delves into detailed case histories of men and women tortured under the most inhuman butchery, absolutely beyond the comprehension of the average mind.

It is a stupendous study into unutterable savagery, flagellant executorial worship and ritualistic practices. It shows, with clear-cut illustrations, how ruthless men and women can become as they are lashed in driven fury to the sadistic whip and instrument, yielding repeatedly to the perversions of inflicting pain upon their fellow beings.

The strange and horrible rites in this book may be termed by some as terrifying and shocking, but the sincere student of anthropology and social science will find them fascinating, historical, educational and different.

### THE ONLY BOOK OF ITS KIND

We feel that this work has a higher object than the mere gratification of morbid curiosity. It is intended as a serious work of reference and instruction, purely historical and encyclopediac.

**SPECIAL \$2.98 PREPAID**

Nearly 200 Pages—Beautifully Bound.

Thoroughly Guaranteed or Money Refunded Without Question.

ORDER YOUR  
COPY AT ONCE

**MAIL COUPON NOW!**

SUPPLY IS  
LIMITED

### INTERNATIONAL DISTRIBUTORS

67 Station F,

Toronto 5, Canada

Please rush my copy of "THE BOOK OF TORTURE" for which I enclose \$2.98. If I am not 100% satisfied I will return this book within 3 days and you will refund my money immediately.

NAME .....AGE.....

ADDRESS .....

CITY OR TOWN .....PROV. OR STATE.....



neck and kissed him again and again. At the end of half an hour, she was perched on Fen's lap and blowing cigarette smoke in his eyes. His discomfiture tickled her immensely. He looked so funny with his face all squinched up.

They drank, ate, smoked, drank again. Lora laughed at almost anything Fen said or did loudly and with reckless abandon.

Suddenly the door swung open with a vicious jerk. A stock, glowering individual stood there — Stoneface!

Well, I'll be damned!" he bel-lowed. "So it's you, you worthless young shiek! I thought Lora wouldn't be laughing so hilariously all by herself! Liquor! Cigarettes! Petting! Right in my own house! You young rascal, I'm going to break every bone in your body!"

Giving vent to a roar that would have made any self-respecting lion feel proud of himself, Lora's pater rushed madly toward Fen. But that resourceful invader of young ladies' boudoirs, believing discretion the better part of valor, made a dash for the door at the same moment. They collided. Lora's papa went down with a wheezing grunt and Fen breezed out, free to pine for Lora's snappy company some more.

Two endless drab days followed, during which Lora amused herself as best she could with her cigarettes, spicy novels and cocktail shaker, and Fen, over on the adjoining estate, moped and schemed.

On the morning of the third day the maid who had a heart announced a visitor. Behind her, Lora discerned the smartly attired figure of a girl wearing one of those coquettish hats with lace hanging from the brim. She was carrying a small leather case.

"Here's the young lady from the beauty parlor in the city," the maid announced. "Says you made an appointment for a facial and a shampoo some time ago. Your dad said it was all right for her to come up."

"But I didn't—" Lora began in her bewilderment, then checked herself abruptly. Over the maid's shoulder, the girl from the beauty shop was making frantic signals. Lora caught on instantly.

"Oh, yes, of course, I had forgotten," she corrected herself. "And I'm certainly glad you've come! I'm beginning to look like a wreck!"

No sooner had the maid closed the door behind her than the "girl" from the beauty shop jerked off her hat and wig of curling auburn splendor. And Fen took Lora in his arms.

"Well, darling little prisoner, here I am again!" he cried. "Thank goodness they cast be in the girl parts at college! Acting like a dizzy flapper just comes natural to me now!"

"Oh, Fen, how clever of you!" Lora cried, clinging to him and raining kisses on his face. "Now we can have a good long party and



Stoneface won't suspect a thing!"

But her jubilation was destined to be of short duration. Someone was unlocking the door.

"Oh, darn!" Lorna snapped. "Get your wig on—quick! And start rubbing some of that cream over my face!"

Fen had barely assumed the proper role when the door opened and the maid ushered in a decidedly pretty and young blonde and an older woman whose remarkable resemblance to the younger one unmistakably proclaimed her as being her mother.

"Oh, do come in, Mrs. Milburn! How are you, Enid, dear? Just make yourself at home while I finish taking this facial," Lora said with hypocritical welcome.

"We heard you were 'confined to quarters,' you poor dear, and thought we'd drop in and cheer you up a bit," the elder woman explained.

The two visitors were not slow to accept Lora's invitation to make themselves at home. They helped themselves to her cigarettes and tested the contents of the cocktail shaker without delay.

"Goodness gracious, isn't it hot!" Enid complained presently, after the third cocktail. "Even that fan doesn't blow anything but hot air! Mind if I make myself more comfortable, dear?"

"Why — er — no — oh, just go ahead," Lora said, breathless with suspense.

With one dexterous movement, Enid slipped out of the brief little crepe dress she was wearing and sank back upon the bed, a distracting vision in richly embroidered silken teddy and slip.

In the mirror of the dressing table Lora saw Fen staring in goggle-eyed admiration. Slyly reaching over for a pin, she jabbed it vengefully into his leg. Fen concealed his smothered exclamation of pain under a supposed cough.

"Keep your mind on this facial, you libertine!" Lora whispered heatedly. "And take that gob of face cream out of my eye!"

"But you'll admit that the circumstances are hot and bothersome enough to excuse a few blunders!" Fen expostulated close to her ear. "For goodness sake keep her from shedding anything else! I'm not equipped with a safety valve!"

"I think I'll follow your example, Enid," the elder woman said at this point. "It is terribly hot this morning."

Forthwith she slipped out of her dress and lounged on the bed beside Enid in scarcely less enchanting revealment, languorously blowing spirals of cigarette smoke toward the ceiling.

With Lora's pin hovering threateningly near his leg, Fen endeavored to keep his eyes as well as his mind on the business in hand. Still, there were numerous opportunities for him to steal surreptitious glances toward the lavish display of femininity.



Not anyone but a grouchy, senile old puritan could have blamed him. Enid had a face like a magazine cover and a form that was perfection plus. She was the most seductive thing Fen had ever had the good fortune to almost pop his eyes out at.

"I guess it's those cocktails," Enid said, "but I'm just simply burning up! No doubt I'll be cooler without that slip."

Her fingers were fumbling with the fragile silken thing when a bombshell burst upon the little party. No doubt Fen was in a state of volcanic excitement. At any rate, some awkward movement on his part caused him to swish his head close to one of the electric light brackets beside the dressing table, and his wig caught on a point of its ornate design. He stood, appelled, revealer in his own, tawny, short-cropped head of hair!

Mrs. Milburn was the first one to notice it. "Eek!" she squealed. "She's—she's a *man*!" Then she opened her mouth and shattered the peaceful morning with her shrill shrieks.

Enid rearranged her half-discarded slip with frantic haste and gave vent to cries even more piercing.

"Now we're in a sweet mess!" Fen groaned.

At that instant the door swung open violently and Stoneface stood

on the threshold, glowering at the scene before him.

"Good heavens! It looks like a harem!" he kept muttering over and over.

Fen had long since decided that this scented, female-infested boudoir was no place for him to tarry any longer than he could help, so he leaped toward the door. Stoneface, possibly mindful of a previous encounter of a similar nature in which he had fared rather ignominiously, stepped discreetly aside and allowed him to fly by.

A week later there was a double wedding. What Stoneface had seen of the comely widow, Mrs. Milburn, had convinced him beyond an iota of doubt as to her utter desirability. It had been plenty.

And Fen too, having seen, desired to the point of making him forget Lora's boyish slimness. After all, Stoneface had to swallow him as a son-in-law when he married Enid and went to Honolulu on his honeymoon to see—well, a lot of new scenery!

As far as Lora was concerned, the affair left her disgusted with everybody and everything.

"I'm going to Paris," she announced tragically "where a woman can forget things! And I'd like to see Stoneface or anybody else stop me!"

Stoneface didn't even try. He was in Havana with his bride—seeing new scenery!

THE END





# *A FAKED CASE OF PASSION*

By

ROY JOHN WILSON

If You Caught Your Wife in Loving Embrace With  
an Employee, What Would You Do?





“WELL, Robert, is your wife as good a secretary as she used to be?”

Notebook and pencil in hand, the girl paused and smiled at the man behind the desk. “I’ve been here a month now. What do you think? Am I as efficient as the blonde who left you to get married?”

“You’ve managed very well,” Robert admitted slowly, “but I didn’t call you in to discuss that. There’s something else I want to talk to you about.”

His wife looked at him quickly. “You seem worried, dear. What’s wrong? You’re not having any trouble with that new fighter plane?”

“No, the factory’s going like clockwork. This is a personal matter; just between you and me. Claire . . . I don’t like you running around with that chap Ellis!”

Claire’s eyebrows were surprised, defiant interrogatives. Really, Robert! I’m not doing anything of the sort! Mr. Ellis has been taking me home when you’ve had to work late at night; but that’s all. He was only being chivalrous.”

“And I suppose it was mere chivalry when he took you to a night club? Yes, I’ve heard about that. Last Thursday, wasn’t it? I was firewatching, I believe . . . Look here, Claire, you’re seeing too much of him. Don’t you think you’d better stop before it’s too late?

“Too late? What on earth do you mean, Robert?”

The man stared at his blotting-pad. “I mean—well, perhaps I am a bit staid these days. I don’t even have the time to take you to a show now and again. I’m sorry if you find life rather dull—all work and no play sort of thing—” He stabbed at an india-rubber with his pen, then looked up and met Claire’s gaze. He saw the tenderness in her eyes, and his own clouded with the sudden thought that a picture of the blond, handsome Ellis had flashed into her mind.

Robert could understand the man being attracted. Claire’s chestnut hair had the lustre of fine old copper; her red, smiling lips curved bewitchingly; her hazel-brown eyes spangled with the sheer happiness of living.

Chivalrous! Robert scowled angrily. Ellis was taking advantage of his position as a draughtsman in the factory. Making love to Claire, Robert suspected. And Claire wasn’t doing much to discourage him! What the devil could she see in the man? Was she fascinated by that sleek, boyish charm of his?

“Don’t look so worried,” the girl laughed. “Raymond’s quite harmless. Why, do you think he flirts with me at the garden gate?”

Robert did not smile. “Why was he wasting time — your time — everybody’s time—in your room this morning? What was it he



was saying about borrowing a torch? It was obviously an excuse."

"Poor Raymond probably got rather flustered when you pounced on him like that. I had borrowed his torch, but I returned it days ago. He lent it to me the first night he gave me a lift in his car—he didn't actually drive me all the way home, you see. He's so conscientious about his gas allowance."

Claire leaned over the desk and kissed her husband. The movement concealed from Robert the expression of penitence that suddenly shadowed her face. "You old silly, worrying yourself like that. You won't go and do anything rash, will you? Don't give poor Raymond the sack! He doesn't deserve it, really, darling. He's been very kind. Now I must go, and get busy with this report on the Madden fighter plane. Time's simply flying this afternoon."

She flashed Robert a warm, intimate smile as she closed the office door, but he was grimly serious. The boyish, handsome face of Raymond Ellis was a cloud over his happiness — a cloud that held threat of a storm to come.

Robert worked late that night, and it was eleven o'clock before he got home. Claire left him a note on the dining-room table: "Feeling dead-tired; thought I'd have an early night. Hot supper for you in the oven."

He didn't enjoy his meal alone.

Claire usually waited for him. He pushed aside his plate, his mind disturbed by the tension that had suddenly sprung up between them; tension that made them uncomfortable in each other's presence, so that they had begun to avoid being together. Robert sighed, and raked out the fire.

Breakfast the next morning was a melancholy meal. Claire served bacon that was crisply dry and crinkly. Robert hated it that way. The toast was over-done, the coffee half-cold. Robert thoughtlessly dropped cigarette ash on the tablecloth and kept himself hidden behind his newspaper, unaware of his wife's reproachful glances.

He set out for the office alone. He arrived early and looked into Claire's room. Raymond Ellis stood by the desk.

"Do you want to see my secretary?" Robert asked with suave self-control.

A frown voluntarily gave the younger man's blond good looks a Viking hardness. He met Robert's eyes with unsmiling insolence. "Suppose I do?"

"Unless you want to discuss business — which isn't your job here, anyway — you'd better go back to your drawing-board."

"Sure, I'll go," Ellis said calmly. "I can wait. I'll talk to Claire later!" He jerked open the door and slammed it behind him.

Flushed and grim with anger, Robert jammed on his hat and strode into his own room. This



was the last straw! There wasn't a doubt about it now. More than mere friendship existed between Claire and Ellis. The man's whole attitude showed that. So damned cocksure; deliberately provoking. Robert scowled. If he didn't deal with Ellis now, Claire and himself were heading for domestic shipwreck. There was only one way out. Ellis must go; he'd have to sack the blighter!

Robert reached forward and pressed the bell on his desk.

Ellis faced him with a glint of amusement in his blue eyes. "So you think Claire will have forgotten me in a couple of weeks? You complacent middle-aged fool! Claire and I were meant for each other. She needs somebody young and alive, somebody who can make her happy. You've treated her pretty shabbily, Kerrison. If you think you've still got a claim on her you're wrong!"

"What the devil are you talking about?" Robert demanded. "Are you suggesting Claire and I have not been happy? You're playing a pretty low game, Ellis, but it's a losing game. Perhaps I am a middle-aged, complacent fool; but I still love Claire. I can't for the life of me understand why she's got herself mixed up with a swine like you. She's not the sort of woman to become infatuated so easily."

"Infatuation, is it?" Ellis sneered. "You're deluding yourself, Kerrison. Claire and I are very

fond of one another. She'd go away with me to-morrow if I asked her!"

"You—you insolent . . . puppy!" Robert exploded. "Get out! Get out before I lose my temper! I don't want to lay my hands on you. And collect a month's salary on your way!"

Robert wasted matches over his pipe, then dropped it into an ash-tray with muttered annoyance. He picked up a folder, scowled at some papers, and threw the folder on to the desk again. He couldn't concentrate. An hour slipped by. At last he reached for the desk bell.

When Claire came into the office he was conscious of a strange tenseness behind his wife's smile. Her manner puzzled him. Was she upset because Ellis had been sacked? Surely she couldn't have any real affection for the man? Robert tried to reassure himself. Perhaps she was a bit infatuated. A handsome, persistent devil like that might turn any woman's head with his smooth, synthetic charm.

Robert's eyes did not leave his wife's face. "I'll be working again tonight, my dear," he said. "You needn't stay on, though. . . . You look rather pale and tired. You're not—worried . . . about anything?"

"Oh, I'm alright. A little bit tired, perhaps." Claire's smile lacked its usual vivacity. "We've had a busy day. I think I'll spend a quiet evening at home. There's a play on the radio I'd like to hear."



A play on the radio! The phrase echoed inside Robert's mind as he let himself into the house with his latchkey that night. He had a queer premonition that something was wrong; a vague sense of unreality, as if he were acting in a play. He opened the door of the dining room and switched on the light. The curtains had been drawn, but there was no fire and the long oak table was bare except for the familiar vase of artificial flowers.

And suddenly Robert understood that strange tenseness in Claire's smile. He knew that she had gone away with Ellis, and the truth made something stick in his throat. He stared down at the table and drew an unsteady finger through a fine coating of dust on its polished surface. Claire usually did her housework in the evenings . . . How happy she had been to busy herself with mop and duster and vacuum-cleaner! What pride she'd taken in that spotless, white-tiled kitchen, with its stream-lined cooker and its labour-saving gadgets!

Robert found himself writing on the dusty table-top, and he obliterated the letters with a sweep of his hand. His set, angry face burned with a fierce resentment. He'd been wrong about her infatuation for Ellis. She . . . she must be in love with him!

He sat down and lit a cigarette. He couldn't understand why Claire had let the affair develop like this; it just didn't make sense. . . . The

empty fireplace mocked him in its cheerlessness. The chill of night crept about him. He jerked out of his reverie to the sound of the telephone bell. He strode into the hall and picked up the receiver.

"Hello . . . Robert Kerrison speaking? City Police? Yes. . . . Sergeant Grady . . ." he repeated to the answering voice. "My wife has been involved in a car crash? she was driving? Yes—yes . . . a passenger . . . a Mr. Ellis. . . . She wasn't hurt you say? Thank God! Yes, of course I'll come along. Right away."

Robert strode across the stone-flagged floor of the police station. He gave one glance at Ellis, hunched up in a chair, smoking, his long, fawn, belted overcoat unbuttoned. Claire pretending to be interested in a notice pinned on the wall, swung round on her heel. Robert's face froze into an uncompromising stare. He went to the sergeant's desk.

"I am Robert Kerrison," he said.

Sergeant Grady's lean, intelligent face was expressionless. "I'm afraid, sir, it may be necessary to charge your wife with careless driving."

Ellis jumped up. His cigarette showered sparks as he flung it on the floor. "It was your fault," he accused Claire. "Jamming on your brakes like a fool and skidding into that wall! You knew the road was slippery. If you'd been a bit more careful you wouldn't have landed us in this mess!"



# JEANNE COTEAU

By P. BROWN



One of the Most Daring, Gay,  
Revealing, Frank and Compas-  
sionate Books Ever Sold in  
Canada!

## YOU MUST READ THIS BOOK!

This unusually thrilling book—entirely unabridged—is the sensational story of a “forced” prostitute and her infamous loves in a lurid life of vice and despair.

How many Canadian girls are abducted annually and sold into white slavery?

Is there a white slave ring in operation in Canada, and what is its real setup?

Are Big Politicians and Business Men behind the “girl” racket in Canada?

Read the forceful, punching answers to these momentous questions in “Jeanne Coteau”—a stirring exposure of commercialized vice in Canada, written by a living Montreal girl who was sold into the racket when she was but a gay, pretty, vivacious young girl of 21 years.

After reading this book, we feel certain that you will agree with us that it is one of the most infamous documents ever to see the light of print.

It is a book once read, never forgotten! It is a book about vice and sin, burning amours, forced mistresses and amazing loves.

130 Startling Pages of Devastating  
Reading

A Really Unusual Book

**“JEANNE COTEAU”**

SPECIAL **\$1.39** PREPAID

ARCADE MAIL ORDER CO.

Yonge Arcade

Toronto 1, Ont.





"This is just where I wanted to land us!" Claire answered quietly. "That's why I crashed the car—deliberately! It was the easiest way of getting you into the hands of the police without making you suspicious!"

Ellis gaped at her. "Claire! Are you crazy?" His handsome face was very white. "What are you talking about?"

"Do you remember," Claire asked, "the trouble you had with the car? The self-starter wouldn't work, and you got so hot and bothered trying to crank it up that you had to take off your overcoat. Well, there was nothing wrong with the engine. I just kept the ignition switched off. And while you were busy I found something sewn under the lining of your coat. Something I expected to find there, because it was the only logical place left. Perhaps you'd like to show it to the police? My husband will be interested, too—very interested."

"I don't know what you are talking about," Ellis blustered. "Don't be a fool, Claire! You know very well I haven't anything to conceal—"

Some instinct warned Robert at the very moment Ellis sprang towards the door, and he thrust out his foot. Ellis tried to avoid it, lost his balance, and sprawled on the floor. When he got up his hair was dishevelled, his forehead was bruised, his clothes dusty. Robert grinned at his discomfiture and grasped his arm firmly.

Sergeant Grady removed Ellis's overcoat. "I think this demands investigation," he said. With a penknife he unstitched the silk lining. Beneath, sewn in so neatly that it could only have been detected by the feel of extra thickness, was a large square of linen. Robert stared at it—and gasped when he saw that the design of the secret Madden fighter plane had been drawn accurately on the white material.

"Our Mr. Ellis," Claire said calmly, "is a Nazi spy!"

Robert met his wife's eyes with penitent concern. "Claire — this makes me feel . . . pretty despicable. I was convinced that you were in love with Ellis."

There was no reproach in Claire's answering smile. "Ellis was convinced of that, too! I wanted him to be. I wanted to be sure, you see, that he wouldn't suspect me of—of doing a bit of counter-espionage!"

"But why—why didn't you tell me what was going on?"

"And what would you have done, darling, if I had? (You'd have insisted on going to the police. There'd have been detectives everywhere!" She smiled at Sergeant Grady. "And Ellis would have decided that the place was too hot for him.")

Claire met her husband's eyes. "Ellis thought I was the miserable, persecuted victim of an unhappy marriage. I played 'the



part for all I was worth. Things came to a head this morning. Ellis told me you'd fired him. He asked me to go away with him. I knew then that he'd got the aircraft design he was after. . . . I agreed to go with him; I wanted to find out where he'd hidden that design. . . ."

"You—you cunning vixen!" Ellis snarled. "If I'd known you were wise to me I'd—I'd have choked you with my bare hands!"

"You were quite clever," Claire continued, imperturbably, "smuggling your copy of the design out of the factory piece by piece. You wrapped each thin sheet of paper round the battery of your electric torch and finally fitted them all together like a jigsaw puzzle. Then you made your copy on the linen. I borrowed that one torch—remember? The first time you gave me a lift in your car. You didn't dream, of course, that I'd look inside the torch when I found it wasn't functioning properly; you didn't dream I'd realize what was on that piece of paper, even if I saw it! Funny how these little things upset our plans, isn't it?"

## Free! Free!

"A Woman Looks at Sex"

By MARIE JOCELYN, M.D.

Men often ask as to what are the biological reactions and emotions of the female. Dr. Jocelyn sums up quite thoroughly all the feminine experiences and sensations of marriage.

Included also is our illustrated, confidential catalogues of drug and hygienic specialties; and unusual, unabridged books on marriage, love and hygiene. All the above entirely free of charge. Please state age.

---

UNITED SPECIALTY CO.,  
65 Terminal Station A,  
Toronto 1, Ontario

---

Robert left the police station with Claire's arm linked in his. "As a secretary," he told her, happily, "you're darned good, as a spy catcher, better still, and as a wife—The best in the world."

---

## TOUGH LUCK

Moe:—"I heard your boat sunk while out in the South Seas. I'm awful glad to see you back."

Joe:—"Yep, I had the darnedest luck. Two days out and the boat sinks with all people on board, excepting two nifty blondes, my mother-in-law, and myself. We were marooned together on a small island for three weeks. Darn it!"



# HOW TO FALL IN LOVE

By MARCIA INGER

If You've Never Been in Love —  
Here's Your Chance!





**I**F YOU'VE never been in love—if so far you've missed the most thrilling experience that can come to a girl—it may be your own fault! You may believe that love has simply passed you by, but love never passes by the door of a heart that is open to it. Answer the following questions. They may show you that you have allowed yourself to put barriers between yourself and love.

Do you think you aren't pretty enough to attract love, or not intelligent enough, or not big enough, or not small enough or any other such thing? In short, have you let yourself believe that you're not the type for love?

Do you make little excuses to your friends about not being in love, such as saying that you don't want love or that men bore you?

Have you let yourself become satisfied with not dressing or looking your best at all times because you think there's no one to care how you look or act?

Have you let yourself become discouraged or envious because as yet you haven't fallen in love?

If your honest answer to any one of these questions is yes, your first step toward finding love is to correct that point.

It is the fact that you haven't yet found love that has put those habits of thinking, looking, acting and feeling into your personality. But it is their existence that continues to keep you from finding love. It's a sort of vicious

circle, and you have to break it. You can!

How are you going to do it?

There are two things that must be done. First, you must correct those negative attitudes in your own mind. All your negative ideas about love are really false! The chances that you will fall in love with the right man are entirely in your favor. Second, you must adopt the feelings and attitudes that will attract love to you.

Begin by getting rid of the idea that you're not the type for love. Every woman who wants love is the type for it. Face the facts! You do want to fall in love. You will fall in love some day. In the meantime, be sincere. Don't build up a false front that will make you seem artificial. Your real self is your best self. Be it always!

Realize this fact—that love may happen any time, at any age, to anybody. It may happen to you today—or tomorrow. Keep that fact in mind and act accordingly. Always dress as well as if you were going to meet the man you love. Perhaps you are! Have as high an opinion of yourself as you would if some man loved you devotedly. He will some day. Take care of yourself—get enough sleep and exercise, eat the proper food, take care of your teeth and general good health. Be well groomed.

Accept all the social invitations, meet all the people you can—you can't tell through what avenue love will come to you. Make the



# Quick Hypnotic Tricks

By STEWART JAMES



Here are a series of science baffling effects that are contrary to all natural laws. Deemed impossible by those who have never witnessed the phenomena; regarded unreal by those who have seen it. The effect is that of a strange mental influence exerted over the strongest, weakening them at will. Undescribable yet real! The complete book comprises 12 extraordinary, pseudo-hypnotic tricks that can be performed with sensational results BY ANYONE!

## THE TWELVE SECRETS REVEALED

- SECRET NO. 1—Spectator loses the power to control his arm.
- SECRET NO. 2—Subject loses the power to walk.
- SECRET NO. 3—Subject loses the power to stand.
- SECRET NO. 4—Subject loses the power to get out of chair.  
(Short Range Method).
- SECRET NO. 5—Subject loses the power to get out of chair.  
(Remote Control Method).
- SECRET NO. 6—Subject loses the power to get up from the floor.  
(Short Range Method).
- SECRET NO. 7—Subject loses the power to get up from the floor.  
(Remote Control Method).
- SECRET NO. 8—Subject loses the power to open his eyes.
- SECRET NO. 9—Subject loses the power to speak without stammering.
- SECRET NO. 10—The Marble and Mirror Test.
- SECRET NO. 11—The Turning Wheel Test.
- SECRET NO. 12—The Pivoting Spectator.

## ANYONE CAN DO THEM

All the above sensational "hypnotic" effects can be accomplished by anyone possessing the inside "tricks". They may be performed without any previous experience. Thousands of students of magic as well as professional magicians have paid as high as \$25 for these.

**SPECIAL \$1.00 PREPAID**

**ARCADE MAIL ORDER COMPANY**

Yonge Arcade

Toronto 1, Ont.



most of living! Take an interest in the happenings of the world of today. Go out for sports. Take dancing lessons. Join clubs. Utilize every moment of your life in doing things you enjoy, things that will bring you in contact with people. Broaden your circles of friends. Do well the things you like to do, and be proud of doing them!

Analyze yourself honestly. True, you may not be as beautiful as a movie star, but that's no reason why you won't some day find love with the right man. You may not be a clinging vine, or a career girl, or a home girl, or a party girl or whatever it is you think you ought to be in order to find love, but all you have to be is your real self. Whatever you are, there's a man somewhere who prefers your particular type. He'll find you eventually, if you open your heart to love.

Pave the way for love in your heart by liking men, seeing their good qualities. Look for likable traits in your chance masculine acquaintances. Don't be too critical either of yourself or of others. A warm, genuine liking for the people around you will shine from your eyes and make you attractive.

Don't be afraid to show men that you like them. Don't be afraid of being over enthusiastic in your enjoyment of beauty and recreation. Don't be afraid of anything—except putting a cloak of falseness over your real self.

And always remember:

Be enthusiastic about living, and the world will be enthusiastic about you.

Learn to like people, and people will reciprocate by liking you.

Live each day believing that love is on its way to you, and there will be a tomorrow of happiness for you. It's waiting for you now!

---

## A FOOL'S PARADISE

Her Mother:—"The dirty, low down, vile, disgusting, slimy rat! Oh, I could kill him for leaving you at the altar like that and running off with another woman."

Her (frustrated, tear-stained bit of loveable beauty):—"It's all right, mother. Perhaps he's doing the right thing."

Mother (fuming again):—"Right thing! What has that other hussy got that you haven't? Was she any prettier than you?"

Her (crying):—"No, mother, but she was his wife—boohoo!"





By  
LEONA ADAMS

# *THE FINE ART OF KISSING*

A LITTLE FLIRTA-  
TION AND A LITTLE  
HUGGING AND A  
LITTLE KISSING . . . .





IT IS a great comfort to be able to put one's views down on paper, especially to analyze one's emotion in cold print, because so few writers really do it and explain every little thought that prompts them to kiss or be kissed.

When the editor demanded an article about being kissed, I felt right in my own element at once—perhaps because I make it a point to kiss all the men who appeal to me, instead of shaking hands; so I can claim to know a little about the osculatory art.

Man can be divided into three classes—the type who want to kiss me; the kind I want to kiss; and the third class are those men who wouldn't indulge in a flirtation with me if I was the last girl in the world.

These strange products of our modern age would feel as uncomfortable with a live cobra in the room as having a tete-a-tete with me; and it is this type of man I delight in inviting to tea—knowing, of course, that he will not come, but loving to see him squirm and wriggle and rack his brains for an excuse that sounds convincing enough to pass muster. I suppose that is a form of sadism on my part, because the more the poor guy stutters and stammers about previous engagements, birthdays, weddings, funerals, etc., the more I enjoy myself.

I have yet to meet the man with enough courage to decline my in-

itation on the truthful and obvious ground of preferring not to come; but no, they consider me a danger to their peace of mind, and I stand about as much chance of getting that particular boy to tea as a celluloid cat does of escaping from hell unsinged.

So much for the third type.

Now let us examine the man who accepts the challenge immediately, spruces himself up in his best, dons a gardenia, and parks his car in front of my door on the stated time at the agreed day. I have generally found that this sophisticated man of the world and I get along splendidly. From the very minute we are introduced we "speak the same language."

I look him up and down and mentally decide "philanderer" while he eyed me from top to toe and thinks. "Here's a worshipping little girl that I will lear around the garden path for a while."

Then we sit and talk about a host of trivial matters, while actually at the back of our minds we are measuring each other's mental and moral capacities.

A word of warning, girls. Don't try to make a good impression on this type of man. He has probably been around for a longer number of years than he will admit, and you can be sure he knows all the questions and all the answers too.

It is a safe bet that this man will kiss you within the first half-hour, with little or no encouragement.



If you remember what mother told you about "not letting any man kiss you unless his intentions were serious," you had better hand him his hat and gloves and bow him out; but if you like being kissed, and want to give him a bit of a shock, then wind your arms around his neck, kiss him back with all your heart and soul, and beat him on his own ground!

After about ten minutes he will release you abruptly, go and sit on the other end of the couch, straighten his hair and ask you if you kiss every man in that way.

This is the danger-point of the whole proceedings, either an awkward sentence or a word is going to offend him; for by now he has realized that you are a bit of a flirt; and although he is that him-

self, it gives him a most peculiar feeling to be the one whose emotions are being trifled with. You have reversed the tapestry with a vengeance, and he is not quite pleased about it.

The best thing to say is that it was the power of his personality and charm that made you lose your head; but do be careful how you say that sentence, otherwise it can sound terribly like sarcasm, and kisses and spite won't mix.

Now my Lord Philanderer will light a cigarette and walk about the room in a kind of puzzled silence, evidently revolving the situation in his own mind. By now it's six o'clock, the time any invitation normally concludes itself. Lord Philanderer knows he ought to go, but also suspects that you are not

# "THE FACTS OF LIFE"

## Be Safe! Be Wise! Be Smart!

Read the leading magazine in the popular sex and medical field. Enthusiastic men and women everywhere have urged their closest and intimate friends to read it!

SAMPLE COPY **25¢** PREPAID

MEDICAL HEALTH BUREAU

Station F,

Toronto 5, Ont.



exactly anxious that he should do so, while all his own impulses are to stay and fight this matter to a finish.

### Call His Bluff

It was his intention to have a little flirtation with a cuddlesome little girl, and then depart to the club. But suspecting that the same little girl has fallen in with the idea, and is getting as much amusement out of it as himself, his masculine egotism won't permit him to leave unless all his bands are playing a victorious march and his banners are triumphantly waving. His motto is "To Flirt"; but when a woman changes it to "To be flirted with," he feels that he has lost ground.

For this reason he will tentatively suggest a dinner date in about three weeks' time, and if you are a wise little girl you will not accept. Remember that my Lord Philanderer is accustomed to women's eagerness to accept his invitations. Be sure he has your telephone number, so that he can get in touch with you if he really wishes, and then kiss him good-bye in such a way as to ensure that he certainly will fall over himself to ring you on the morrow!

Whatever you do, don't be a clinging vine. Men pride themselves on taking their liquor like gentlemen, so you pride yourself on taking kisses like a lady! Never make any move to ring up or see a man who has kissed you on



Monday, as that is no criterion that he wants to hear your dulcet voice on the 'phone every day afterwards.

Give the man his freedom, let him play about on a long rope; but keep tight hold of the end!

Thus philanderers will always return to you. To quote their own words, "Because you understand me so well, and don't bother me or run after me."



### Depression Over Iceland

Now let us take the most difficult type of kisses—those that a girl must give unasked but are actually not unwanted. There are some men who externally appear to be icebergs and have every muscle of their face under control. They may love you, but will never show it. They may be anxious to kiss you, but never do it; all their emotions and feelings are hidden beneath a veil of indifference and, try as one will, it is an impossibility to break down their barrier of icy reserve.

There is only one way to save yourself from nasty jolts, because if you feel you are falling in love with one of these human icebergs you have either got to “get your man” or write “Finis” across the acquaintanceship before you have suffered too much and your heart is too deeply involved.

Wait a reasonable time for him to kiss you. Then, if he makes no move, and you are sure of his affection for you, take your courage in both hands and kiss him!

I did this last month with a dear boy friend. His name was not Fred, but I will call him that.

We were sitting in his flat listening to the radio and more or less holding hands when we were not nibbling biscuits. I knew he wanted to kiss me, and I also knew that he would not do it.

“This is where you take a hand Dolores,” I said to myself, and with the whole fire and passion of my emotion, I embraced him and kissed him passionately on the lips.

What did he do?

Right in the middle of this supper kiss when, according to all the rules of kissing, he ought to have been in the seventh heaven of delight, he stretched out a languid hand and turned down the radio!

I was so surprised at a man retaining enough consciousness to think of his radio while I was kissing him, that I sprang up in amazement; but my sense of humor came to the rescue and we both burst out laughing!

But if you are a tropical heat-wave of a girl, and manage to fall in love with one of these polar icebergs, don't kiss him before you are sure that he has not more regard for oscillation rather than osculation!

---

## A DIRTY CRACK

Johnny:—“Daddy, how true is it that I come from a tribe of monkeys?”

Daddy:—“I don't know, son. I've never really met your mother's family.”



## BEWARE OF MAD DOG

Friend:—"You were kissing your art model, when her husband came in?" •

Artist:—"Yes, he caught me with my paints down."

\* \* \*

A travelling salesman who had several hours to wait in a small town for his train decided to take a walk in the country. After walking a mile or so, he became thirsty. Not far from the road, he saw a girl milking a cow, and with the intention of purchasing a glass of milk, he approached her. In answer to his request the girl turned toward the house and shouted:

"Ma, there's a travelin' salesman out here wants to buy a glass of milk. How about it?"

The mother thrust her head out of the doorway and said:

"Margy, you know what I told you about them travelin' salesmen. Come right in here and bring that cow in, too!"

\* \* \*

*Judge: "Please be more explicit. Officer O'Toole—you say that when you entered Mr. Smith's bachelor apartment all the lights were out. But you distinctly heard the labored breathing of a woman. Now, how did you know it was a woman? Couldn't it just as easily have been a man?"*

*Officer O'Toole: "Begging your Honor's pardon, it was no man I heard. Sure, I knew it was a woman by her short pants!"*

\* \* \*

### FORETHOUGHT

Goldie says a wise girl is one that knows all the answers but seldom uses the right one!



## STRANGER THAN FICTION

My father is a Judge. He sentenced a crook to four years in the Pen. The minute he got sentenced the crook picked up an ink-stand, threw it at my father's head. My father dodged it; it went through a window, broke a \$40 pane of glass; the ink-stand struck a lady's dress on the sidewalk. She went to shake the ink out, and it frightened a horse and carriage with two people in it. The horse ran away and the people got killed. The horse dived into a crockery store window, broke eight hundred dollars' worth of crockery. The man in the store found out where the whole thing originated from, and now my father is going to be sued for dodging the ink-stand.

\* \* \*

A man wanted a ticket to Windsor, and only had a \$2 bill. It required \$3 to get the ticket. He took the \$2 bill to a pawnshop, pawned it for \$1.50. On his way back to the depot he met a friend, to whom he sold the pawn ticket for \$1.50. That gave him \$3.00. Now, who's out that dollar?

\* \* \*

*Little Cutie Cuddleup says the new boy next door played like a little gentleman until they went into the coal cellar, and then he got awfully dirty.*

\* \* \*

Schulman hailed Brodsky into court for non-payment of a debt. He brought two witnesses who testified that he did loan Brodsky \$200—giving the time and place.

In rebuttal Brodsky brought seven witnesses, who saw their friend return the money a week later.

Finally, Schulman could stand it no longer. He turned to the judge: "Your Honor, to show you what a liar this Brodsky is—I'm telling you now that I never lent him the money."







